

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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Contents for May, 1935

| | | |
|---|--------------------------------|----|
| THE TRAIL ACROSS 'THE DOG' | <i>Dr. Viljem Krejci</i> | 7 |
| Man's mettle is tested when heavy adversities bar the way, not when skies are clear. | | |
| TRAVELLING WITH YOUR HEAD | <i>Hendrik Willem Van Loon</i> | 8 |
| The most important part of the journey comes before bags are packed or ticket is bought. | | |
| TAXES: NOW WE PAY THE FIDDLER | <i>Mark Graves</i> | 13 |
| What is the tax burden? What is ahead for the man who must pay cost of government? | | |
| Is GOVERNMENT SPENDING THE WAY TO RECOVERY? | | |
| Should the United States attempt to balance its budget soon? The debate-of-the-month. | | |
| YES | <i>Stuart Chase</i> | 18 |
| No | <i>David Lawrence</i> | 19 |
| THE PAGEANTRY OF PARLIAMENT | <i>Sir Herbert Samuel</i> | 20 |
| England zealously preserves legislative customs that link the present to the past. | | |
| GOOD FARMING STILL PAYS | <i>Cornelius Claassen</i> | 24 |
| A reassuring word from a man who found agriculture profitable during the depression. | | |
| BROTHERS OF THE NORTHLAND | <i>Rockwell Kent</i> | 27 |
| An 'adventure in friendship' from Greenland, where life still is lived simply. | | |
| A CITY WITHOUT A BOGEY | <i>Wayne Gard</i> | 30 |
| Des Moines, in the heart of America's corn belt, tries an experiment in democracy. | | |
| ROTARY FIESTA | <i>Julio Zetina</i> | 32 |
| Mexico City is preparing a picturesque back-drop of entertainment for the convention. | | |
| SO YOU AND TED ARE GOING TOO! | | 35 |
| Personal suggestions on what to take, what to wear, what to do in Mexico City. | | |
| LET'S LOOK AHEAD | <i>Hart I. Seely</i> | 39 |
| A plain statement on the why and the wherefore of the Foundation of Rotary International. | | |
| NEW FIELDS FOR TEACHERS | <i>Walter B. Pitkin</i> | 42 |
| Timely notes on opportunities now developing for youth in the teaching profession. | | |

Other Features and Departments —

Readers' Open Forum (Pages 2, 4, and 44); Mexican Tropical Vista-frontispiece (page 6); Editorial Comment (page 40); Rotary Hourglass (page 45); Rotary Around the World (page 47); 1935 Vacation Photo Contest Announcement (page 53); Spanish Lesson No. 7 (page 54); Mexico—a poem by Strickland Gillilan (page 57); Crossword Puzzle (page 66); Helps for Program Makers (page 70); Chats on Contributors (page 72).

COVER BY A. X. PEÑA, MEXICAN ARTIST.

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Photo: Hugo Brehme

Mexican Tropical Vista . . . The Peak of Orraba in the distance

The Trail Across 'The Dog'

By Dr. Viljem Krejčí

Rotary District Governor, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia.

IN A hot summer afternoon I started out from the shooting lodge of Mosti, bound for Ribčeva Planina across the divide. My faithful old companion on the hunting trail, Lakota the forester, was with me.

While we were walking through dense woods of fir and ancient beech, the sky grew dark. A keen wind from the south brought a preface of fat rain drops, and presently a rousing chapter of downpour. We were quickly drenched to the skin. But we trudged on.

Our trail led up and over the mountain which we call Pes—meaning “The Dog.” These heights have been stripped of forests by lumbermen, only a few scattered beeches and pines remaining for seedling. We had just reached the path that leads across this isolated ridge, when a tremendous thunder-storm broke over us. I have never been out in its equal.

Peals of thunder and flashes of lightning succeeded one another without pause. Trees were struck down around us. The wind blew with hurricane force, lifting me off my feet. My beloved gun, I thought, was a dripping lightning conductor, and any moment I expected that it and I would be struck. Thoroughly unnerved, I begged Lakota to suggest something we might do to escape a disastrous fate.

The old forester was calm, his faithful eyes steady. He said quite simply that there was nothing to be afraid of. Yonder—he pointed—behind that bank of cloud, lay Ribčeva Planina.

“These thirty years,” he said, “I have crossed ‘The Dog’ in all seasons and all weathers; and I have never yet been struck by lightning!”

And . . . neither was I!

We arrived at the shooting lodge on Ribčeva Planina, exhausted to be sure—but a cheery crowd of hunters was waiting to greet us. Dry clothes, a fire on the hearth, a kettle singing beside it: and we were quite ourselves again.

Next morning when dawn walked rosy on the Triglav snowfields, my first shot rang out at the

edge of the mountain pasture, and I pinned a sprig of green fir in my hat, in token of bringing down my deer. . . .

Rotarians, I think that we too are on our trail across “The Dog.” Lightning, thunder, wind, and rain have broken around us. We are in a world disturbed. Dimming in our memories are the horrors of trenches, grenades, poison gases, and ghastly furrowed fields of death. Our children no longer remember—if they ever knew—the clumsy soles of wood that we wore on our shoes, the clothes of stinging nettle-cloth, the black bread of our ration cards. Yet we know how swiftly the lightnings of world disorder can strike, do strike.

NOT yet, for us, the cheery hunting lodge at the end of the trail. Though we—you, and you, and you—may have enough and to spare of the world’s goods today, how can we enjoy our possessions in full content when we know that our neighbor is cold and sobbing because he cannot give his children enough to eat?

We are in a world disturbed. And we are not true Rotarians, I think, if we avoid the storm and sit inside with a fire on the hearth and good cheer in our hearts, while these sufferers are without. They are our burden, our care. We must work to save them and our world.

Rotarians, we have this great advantage. On the difficult trail, we have each other; as on the storm-ridden knob of “The Dog,” I had Lakota. There are comfort and courage in the words of friends bound for the same destination.

But . . . we are still on the road. We are still in the storm. Rain and sleet lash our faces, the gale chills us, our foreheads drip with sweat, tongues of lightning strike around us. Let us face all hazards calmly, determinedly.

Let us march confidently on, for we know that it is the right road. We know that over yonder, behind the storm, lies our Ribčeva Planina.



The traveller during the Middle Ages expected nothing at all, and so he never was disappointed very much.

Travelling With Your Head

By **Hendrik Willem Van Loon**

Sketches by the author

THE PIOUS pilgrim, who seven hundred years ago embarked upon a voyage to the Holy Land, was not to be envied.

He paid as much for that short trip in the medieval steerage, as he would be obliged to pay today for first-class transatlantic transportation on board one of the fastest ocean liners. He had to bring his own bedding and he was supposed to provide his own food and wine. There were no stewards to "anticipate his every wish." There were no movies to while away tedious hours of the evening. There was no bridge, for in those days gambling on board was done by the crew and not by the passengers.

And he was in constant danger of being captured by the "infidel Saracen" and spending the rest of his life pulling an oar on one of the galleys of the Dey of Algiers.

The "gude manne" therefore, was not exactly entering upon "three weeks of gorgeous existence,

It's far more than mere flitting from port to port. And it begins long before the ticket is bought and bags and baggage are packed.

hurrying from one amazing scene to the next, eating the delicacies specially prepared for him by a galaxy of famous French chefs, partaking of exotic foods that would tempt the palate of even a Brillat-Savarin." His trip from Venice or Genoa to Famagusta or Jaffa consisted of an equal mixture of discomforts, hunger, thirst, evil smells, and sea-sickness.

But in one respect he was far in advance of his aquatic descendants of today. He was under no illusions. He knew exactly what to expect. The travel literature of that day (and it exists in surprising quantities) told him in detail of all the hardships that were to be his share. And having enumerated all of the many unpleasant experiences that awaited him, the authors of these prehistoric *Baedekers* would then take him gently by the hand and they would tell him to be of good cheer.

"For what," so they would pleasantly argue, "do these few temporary inconveniences amount to, compared to the definite gains that shall be yours, when quietly sitting before your own fireside you can spend the rest of your days peacefully revisiting the scenes of distant lands because they are yours by right of ocular conquest?"

Today we would not express ourselves quite like that. The word "ocular," if found in any piece of popular travel literature, would immediately be blue-pencilled by the ever-watchful passenger agent.

And that, so I fear me, would be only the beginning of a most thoroughgoing piece of literary destruction on the part of those who sit in the well-cushioned seats-of-the-mighty and who are known to the profession as "the home office." For we moderns approach the business of travelling from an entirely different angle from those benighted citizens who lived in the Middle Ages.

The people of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance realized two things. They knew, first of all, that travel could be a source of satisfaction unparalleled by any other pursuit in life. At the same time they never lost sight of the fact that travel is about the hardest kind of labor in which man can

indulge. As a result, while all of them travelled (for no group of men and women and children has ever been so constantly on the move as the generation that lived between 1350 and 1550) most of them also travelled intelligently—and with their heads.

THEY did not expect to get something for nothing. They did not expect things to be brought to them on a platter, pre-cooked and pre-digested. On the contrary, a voyage was a piece of high adventure and whoever heard of a "planned" adventure?

They were just simple enough (and therefore wise enough) to understand that you cannot hope to get a big return on your intellectual outlay without a correspondingly large investment of sincere and uncompromising effort. And they demanded the same brutal matter-of-factness in their guidebooks which we demand from a banker's statement in regard to a new enterprise that is ready to appeal to the public for financial support.

Autres temps, autres moeurs. Manners change with the times.

We approach the subject from a different angle because we approach all of life in a different way. But one thing remains as true today as it was then.

Slave trading was horrible, but this Portuguese castle in Mombasa, built in 1396, is marvelous architecture.



The returns you will get from your peregrinations in foreign ports will be in direct proportion to the time and trouble you, yourself, have previously invested in the difficult business of travelling with your head.

To go from A to Z with your body alone is easy enough. Steamship and railroad companies are not squeamish. They would just as soon transport a trunk full of lead pipe as Professor Einstein, very much alive and with his fiddle under his arm. They might even prefer the lead pipe for it would probably be much the more profitable cargo than would a mere mathematician. But to go merely from A to Z with your head, that is infinitely more difficult. And it is at this point where we modern people miss our blunt and outspoken *cicerones* of the Middle Ages.

Heaven forbid that this statement should be interpreted as a plea for more travel literature. There are enough books now on "Beauteous Bali" and "Mumbling Mombasa," not to forget "Joyous Java" and "Glittering New Guinea" (none genuine without an alliterative title) to fill at least part of the wide Pacific Ocean.

NOT all of these are *Mother Indias* (to be found on all Indian railroad stations next to *Stepfather America*—with the accent on the "step"), but the great majority of travel books seem to have been written by venturesome ladies, who have courageously braved the terrors of the man-eating tree (which does not exist, although the critter on special occasions will consume a few stray insects) and who, with the utmost nonchalance, have played their eighteen holes on the tiger-infested golf-links of the Malay Peninsula. (Counterpart of the bear-infested golf-links of Dorset, Vermont. A bear was actually seen to cross the links one early morning in 1897.) And one is rather tempted to believe that they wrote about a world-as-the-tourist-might-wish-to-see-it rather than about the sort of world in which we actually happen to live.

I once tried to investigate this matter by a direct appeal to these distinguished *confrères*, or rather *con-soeurs*. But I have never been able to meet any one of them, face to face. They were always out of town or suffering from a headache when I called. So I have never discovered where, exactly, they obtained their extraordinary scraps of information.

But what is the difference? *Hans Brinker* has



Here is what the modern traveller usually is made to think he is going to find.

been the main source of supply from which generations after generations of honest American children have drawn their entire supply of information upon the state of life and love in the Low Countries. When an unsophisticated Dutch infant is given this book, the little creature takes it for granted that this is a fairy story of Mr. Andersen, or a tale about something that has happened on the moon. The poor child will never, not even while recovering from the measles, be able to connect what he is reading in that famous book with any of the events of his own daily existence.

And so three cheers for *Mother India* and for *Hans Brinker* and the man-eating tree and all the rest of them! They sell. They sell by the barrel and by the truckload. Why worry? It really does not matter—so it is said.

The wise pilgrim, however, understands that all this matters a great deal. Distant lands are not a sort of perennial peep-hole wherein funny-looking native boys and girls indulge in weird and mysterious dances for the exclusive benefit of the visiting firemen and the fire-ladies from England and America, and other parts. The native dances do exist and they

are enormously interesting and entirely spontaneous, for they begin at the very moment the last of the painted natives has received the fifty cents that was promised him for his efforts.

But, alas, life underneath the tropical sun is not all *maté* and skittles. These strange people are in many ways exactly like ourselves. They are subject to a large number of painful ailments which are rarely mentioned in guidebook literature but which, nevertheless, greatly influence their lives. They are apt to suffer from economic depressions (*morbus economicus internationalis*) even as you and I. And they are quite prone to contract a strange and most painful affliction called *lethargica major* which makes them prefer a slow social and moral degradation to a happy, hustling life in a white man's factory or on a white man's plantation.

On the other hand, in those parts of the world where the natives are of a tougher fiber, they develop a virus which is the exact opposite of the *streptococcus lethargicus*, a virus which makes them very cantankerous and makes them want to fight for what they most erroneously call "their own native soil," which, as all the world knows very well, was sold to

Alas! Here is what he sees and, as so often happens, he is disappointed.—But why?



the white man three hundred years ago, in exchange for five bottles of rum, a barrel of iron nails, and three pocket mirrors for the chief's wife.

The traveller whom I have in mind, however, the traveller who travels with his head and not merely with his body, will be delighted to observe such little items. It makes the world very much alive and quite

full of a great number of most interesting problems. Such a traveller will have got hold of an assorted collection of really worth while books long before he has ever begun to inquire about his cabin. He will also try and provide himself with letters of introduction to every city he intends to visit, and by preference he will ask for letters to persons who are in a position to let him have a look behind the scenes. For that is so much more important than mere social entertainment.

If ONE has set forth to encircle the world in the hope of eating and drinking one's way around the Equator, that can easily be fixed up with the chief steward and with Ted, the bartender. But, if food and drink are of minor importance to the traveller, he will sidestep those occasions where he will merely meet the more or less sober counterparts of his own cronies at home and he will devote all his time to "learn and see."

The argument is often heard that on a jaunt, such as many readers of this publication plan soon to make to Mexico, time is too short for that sort of thing—that you have to live at least a dozen years in a coun-

try before you can really hope to penetrate into the innermost recesses of its soul. Twelve years are, of course, better than twelve days and twelve days are better than twelve hours. Still it is absolutely astonishing how much can be accomplished in a ridiculously short space of time, provided you have the right sort of a guide.

India, for instance. You may have read a ton of books about India and you may still be as entirely at sea about that country as before you started upon

your trip. Then you spend one morning with an intelligent native or an unprejudiced Englishman in the slums of Bombay or among the temples of Madura and you will suddenly begin to understand the tremendous difficulties that face the English in India in a way that you would never have been able to learn about it from a whole library of books.

Or, to give you another example, take Australia and New Zealand. They are large islands. One of them, indeed, is no longer an island but a full-fledged continent. They are young countries, not harassed in any way by our own dreadful heritage of feuds and wars.

Perhaps you have wondered why you have heard so little about them except during the late war, when they fought with great and gallant bravery, or immediately after the war when they evinced an astonishing aptitude for flying.

THEN go to Sydney or to Wellington and in the public square you will unexpectedly come face to face with a granite mile-post on which there is engraved: "London, 9,537 miles." With a sudden shock you realize that there is a very excellent and definite reason for all this supposed aloofness from the world. Nine thousand and five hundred nautical miles are a long distance. And in the case of New Zealand it is even more. The route from the Atlantic seaboard of North America via the Panama Canal, instead of being a short cut (as so many seem to believe) makes that voyage some three thousand miles longer.

That is one aspect of the case. You might continue your investigations most profitably. Study your geography carefully and you will learn that Australia has one mile of seacoast for every 244 square miles

of land surface, while in Europe the proportion is only one mile of seacoast for every seventy-five square miles of land, which is an infinitely more favorable proportion.

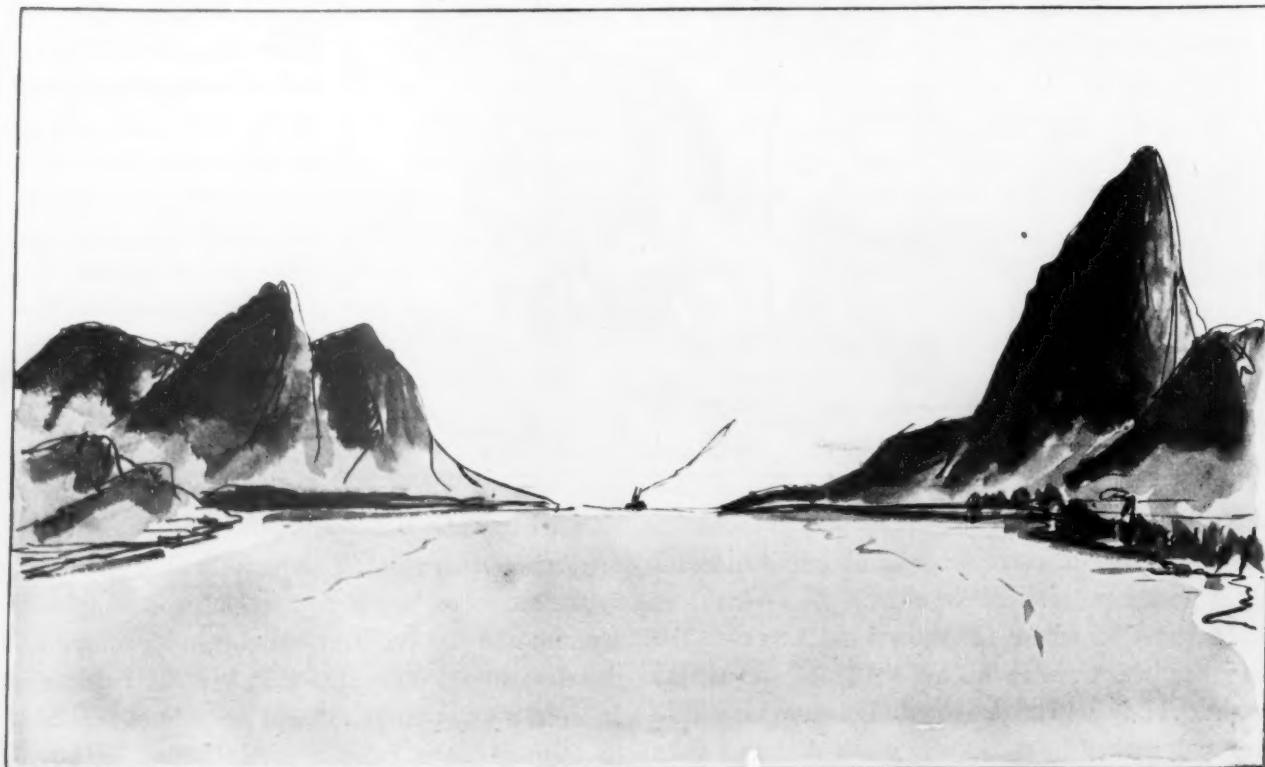
Your Australian friends will perhaps further inform you: "We now have two inhabitants per square mile. If we use all our available territory we may make it eight inhabitants per square mile, but we shall probably never be able to go very much beyond that."

Then, a few days later you will find yourself on the island of Java which supports 836 men, women and children per square mile. Java seems to be able to do this in a most leisurely and amiable fashion without any visible crowding.

Of course, you will want to find out why this is possible. Just as you will be curious to know why the Javanese, who are Mohammedans, find it possible to live peacefully side by side with the Balinese, who are Hindus, while all over British India the two sects are engaged in a never-ending religious war. That will undoubtedly tempt you to make a comparative study of the different religious systems that have so far come under your personal observation while proceeding from one part of the Pacific to the next.

The subject seems far removed from our own immediate interests, but it is exceedingly important to the peace and happiness of [Continued on page 57]

The harbor at Rio. Many a seasoned traveller will tell you it is the most magnificent sight in the world.



Taxes: Now We Pay the Fiddler

By Mark Graves,

New York State Commissioner of Taxation and Finance

FOllowing the decade ended in 1929, that period of artificial good health in which America's rosy cheeks were drawn from the rouge box and energy from bootleg liquor, the United States became very, very sick. The same ailment, which had lain dormant since 1918, had first attacked Germany and Austria, and later, England, France, and other nations. By 1930, it had become epidemic, and spread over the entire civilized world.

While this malady devitalized the entire system, its attack was particularly destructive of economic organs. If we are to understand the present day problems of public finance and taxation, we must know the case-history of this epidemic which did not abate until its victims were very near the verge of collapse.

The remote, but none-the-less immediate, cause of the illness was the World War. A world society cannot waste \$180,000,000,000 and maintain economic health. Such a loss of vitality inevitably forces a breakdown. The physical shock of killing and maiming millions of men and destroying billions of dollars in property is just too great for even a healthy, sturdy, economic order to withstand for long.

There may be temporary or artificial indications of health for a time, but the repercussions of such a catastrophe always have and always will result in a

deranged economic system. The spread and duration of the derangement are governed by the intensity of the blow, on the one hand, and the skill of the doctors, on the other.

Today a thorough examination of this old world would indicate that certain nations, including the United States, are convalescing. We must understand, however, that our illness has left complications which will trouble us for some time to come. And there is the ever present danger of relapse.

Tax difficulties in America and other countries are very largely traceable to wars and the shocks they inflict on the world economic system. It is difficult to assemble exact figures, but it is safe to say that well over fifty per cent of the national taxes of the principal nations of the world are being employed to adjust war debts, support disabled veterans, pay pensions to those who offered their lives to their countries in past wars, and to maintain peace-time armies, navies, and air forces.

Aside from all human considerations, to the extent that Rotary can contribute to a better understanding among nations, and thereby prevent wars, it will very materially reduce the tax burden of succeeding generations. But we of this generation must continue to suffer for the indiscretions of the past—the stupidity which brought



Illustrations by A. H. Winkler



about the conflict of 1914-1918 and previous wars, and thereby infected the body politic with a disease which has spread to all of its fiscal organs.

In passing, it should be noted that following each war, America has emerged on a new high level of public expenditures, and, I presume, if the data were analyzed, the same would be found true of other nations.

For the past several years, the American people have been spending for federal, state, and local purposes, about 15.5 billion dollars, of which, in round figures, 10 billions have been raised by taxes and the remaining 5.5 billions borrowed. The combined federal, state, and local debt was, at the last count, 47 billion dollars. The plan projected in the President's budget message, recently submitted to Congress, contemplates an increase in the national debt of 9.4 billions by June, 1936. It is conservative to say the net increase in state and local debts will be 1.6 billions.

It seems likely, therefore, that the American public will owe 58 billion dollars by the middle of 1936, or about \$463 for every man, woman, and child in the country.

Such a figure is staggering, yet when we compare it to the public debt of France and Great Britain, the situation would not seem so desperate. When the last inventory was taken, France had a per capita debt of \$466 and Great Britain, \$950.

The immediate specific cause of America's tax difficulty is the business depression, which has had double action on governmental finance. In the first place, it has caused revenue from normal sources to shrink sharply and, in the second place, it has impelled government to spend unusually large sums for unem-

ployment relief and recovery purposes. To illustrate:

The revenue system of New York state is particularly sensitive to business conditions. In 1929, with personal income tax rates of 1 per cent, 2 per cent, and 3 per cent, the state received 84



million dollars; in 1934, with lower exemptions and rates of 3 per cent, 5 per cent, and 7 per cent, the yield was 46 millions. The corporation, stock transfer and inheritance taxes reacted in much the same manner.

On the other hand, expenditures for unemployment relief amounted to tremendous sums. In October, 1934, 517,000 New York families, represent-

ing 2,000,000 individuals were on some kind of relief roll, at a monthly cost of 29 million dollars, or at the rate of 348 million dollars per year. This huge sum was financed jointly by the federal, the state, and the local units of government.

Contrary to popular belief, governments, federal, state, and local, have been and are reducing costs for ordinary and usual activities, but savings effected in that direction are, more frequently than otherwise, over-absorbed by extraordinary expenditures for unemployment relief and recovery. Again the state of New York may be used as an example. Before the effects of

the business depression were felt, this state had established a scale of living at the rate of 308 million

dollars per year; the average of the four last adopted annual budgets is 263.5 millions, or an average annual reduction of 44.5 millions. To offset this, however, the state is spending at the rate of 60 millions annually for unemployment relief.

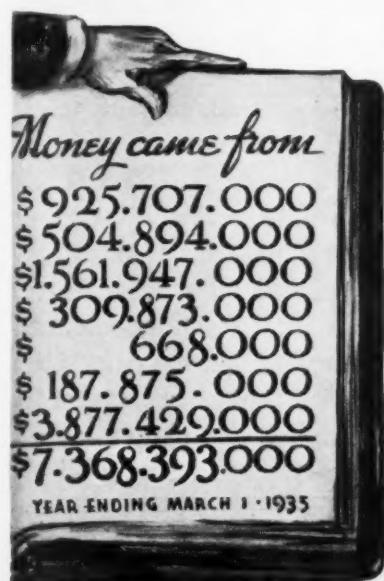
Or, take the case of the federal government. Due to reduced revenue yields and to unemployment and recovery relief measures, the national government has been unable to live within its income since the fiscal year commenced July 1, 1930. Starting with a deficit of 902 millions in that year, it has operated in the red in each subsequent year with the result that if the President's budget program works out as projected, the aggregate deficit for six years ending June 30, 1936, will be approximately 18,818 million dollars.

Taking another view, it is found that prior to the business depression, the national income amounted to 90 billion dollars. Now it is around 45 billions. While it caused grumbling, it was not particularly difficult for the American people to pay a tax bill of 10 billions out of an income of 90 billions; but when the same people are asked to pay 10 billions out of an income of 45 billions, the impact is very great.

Obviously, recovery will cure most of our tax ills. If the efforts of the national administration are successful, if prosperity is restored, and if the national income is increased to 90 billion dollars, we shall have little to worry about.

BUT someone will inquire: What is the likely trend in public expenditures and taxes?

Within limitations, human conduct is predictable. So too are trends in public finance. The aim of the American people is toward higher standards of living. To the extent that this aim is realized, it will be reflected in higher standards of governmental living. The tendency will be for public expenditures to increase, and necessarily taxes will be higher. It



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is likely that much of the increase will be due to social legislation. Within reasonable limitations, that is desirable and sound, and can be justified by the hope that a healthier economic order will result.

Genuine and permanent prosperity cannot be attained and maintained if millions of men and women who are anxious and willing to work are out of employment because they are the victims of an economic system which they are powerless to change or unable to correct. That is why I believe workmen's compensation covering both accidents and occupational diseases, widows' pensions, old-age security, and finally unemployment insurance, will be enacted and extended, and moreover, that their results will be in the interest of society and for the general public good.

But some proposals, so economically unsound as to be positively dangerous, are being advanced, principally by political opportunists. In this category, are the "share-the-wealth" plan, the "end poverty in California" program, and the proposal to pay old-age pensions higher than a decent subsistence level requires. Perhaps these economic theories appear only mildly "pink"; in practice they would certainly become flaming red. It is their potential effect upon our future tax loads that we should most dread.

WHAT, then, another will inquire, will be the styles of taxation employed?

That is a bit difficult to predict. In the early years of its history, the United States government depended upon customs duties and indirect taxes on liquor, tobacco, and other commodities for its revenue. The states and their localities relied upon the taxation of real and personal property. Even today the most productive single tax in America is the general property tax, which in most states means a levy on real estate.

In recent years, however, other objects of taxation have been invoked. The income tax and the in-

heritance tax have been developed. In the wake of the motor vehicle, came motor vehicle license fees and the gasoline tax. Due to this enormous number of motor vehicles, these revenue measures produced huge returns.

The writer believes income and inheritance taxes are but crudely developed in the United States and thinks they will be perfected and refined so that they will produce much larger sums than heretofore. "Soaking the rich" has been too general a policy.

THE BRITISH plan in contrast, contains much merit. With a hundred years or more of experience, our English friends have discovered the economic unsoundness of trying to fool the people in the lower income and inheritance tax brackets. Without having consulted them, I presume Great Britain's revenue officials found that somehow and in some way, the individual with average income, has to help pay the cost of government even though he never actually saw or actually paid directly a shilling to a tax-collecting official. With rates graduated little or no higher than those found in America, Great Britain obtains a very much larger percentage of its revenue from incomes and inheritances by the simple device of low exemptions and rates graduated more sharply in the lower brackets.

A trend in that direction is predicted for the United States. Should the national income be restored to previous high levels, it is believed that, with minor adjustments in other revenue measures, income adequate to finance federal, state, and local government and afford a measure of relief to over-burdened real estate will be produced.

Since the beginning of the depression, sales taxation has made considerable headway. This year will undoubtedly witness the enactment of sales taxes by many additional states. Under existing conditions and as emergency measures only, state sales taxes are justified. But as a continuing permanent policy they



are to be deplored. If sales taxation becomes a necessary part of the American taxing system, it seems obvious that the levy should be imposed by the central government and the proceeds shared with the states and their localities. The single complication of interstate commerce and the inability of either the state where the seller resides or the purchaser lives, to impose a tax on sales made in interstate commerce, proves at once that a state sales tax is inimical to the economic welfare of the enacting state.

It is interesting to note the lack of uniformity and the difference in styles of taxation employed by the principal nations.

In America, the order of importance from the standpoint of net revenue yields, stresses general property, income, motor user, tobacco, customs duties, and liquor taxes.

In Great Britain, emphasis is placed on income, both in the direct income tax, and in the use of potential income as a factor in valuing real property for the purpose of taxation. Inheritance and estate taxes are also a prominent feature of the British tax system.

France, on the other hand, emphasizes taxes on consumption and sales. The income tax is relatively new to the French system. Significant and important changes, which I have had no opportunity to appraise, recently have been made in French revenue laws. The impression is that they greatly improve and materially simplify France's revenue situation.

The tax system of Germany is highly centralized. In the order of their importance, German revenue laws appear to be personal and corporate income taxes, customs duties, the tobacco tax, and a general turn-over tax of 2 per cent on gross cash incomes from either industrial or professional activities. Other important features of the German system are taxes on insurance, promissory notes, transfers of property, beverages, sugar, and public employees, a special

assessment on industry, and revenue derived from the liquor monopoly.

It is interesting to note that while in the aggregate American taxes are higher and, when measured by national income, have increased more sharply than the taxes of Great Britain, France, and Germany, they nevertheless consume a smaller share of the national income than in those countries. As the trend in American taxes is more decidedly upward than the taxes of the other countries, it is difficult to predict how long this condition will continue. According to the April 30, 1934 *Bulletin* of the National Conference Board, the ratio of taxes to national income was: United States, 20.3 per cent; Germany, 21.9; France, 25.2, and Great Britain, 25.7.

MEASURED on a per capita basis, America's taxes were lower than Britain's, but higher than the taxes of Germany and France, the figures at the time the data were compiled being: Germany, \$37.65; France, \$54.26; United States, \$64.09; and Great Britain, \$93.85.

These nations, too, are suffering from essentially the same complex tax problems which confront the United States. Their systems may incorporate certain features more desirable—or less desirable than our own. But the same fundamental diagnosis applies to the ills of all.

If the nations wish to indulge in the luxury of wars—and they are expensive luxuries—they must be prepared to pay a heavy toll in death and suffering and horror—and they must likewise reconcile themselves to the economic chaos which inevitably will follow such conflicts.

That the United States is convalescent, and is well on the way to full and complete recovery of its economic health is manifest. The doctors', nurses' and hospital bills must be paid; and after the recovery is complete, let us remember the horrors of the plague—and the bitter medicine required to cure it.



The Debate-of-the-Month

Is Government Spending the Way to Recovery?

Yes—

Says Stuart Chase

Author and Economist

ARGUMENTS about balancing the United States' budget usually reach an impasse at two points. There is what might be called the Berlin Impasse and there is the Micawber Impasse.

Berlin failed, a few years after the war, to balance the German budget, and the mark declined to an infinitesimal value, so that German citizens had to pay for loaves of bread in million-mark notes. Advocates of strict budget-balancing point with horror to these circumstances as inevitable cause and effect. They do not consider whether other elements may have influenced the runaway inflation in Germany, nor whether an alternative would necessarily have been better for the country and her citizens.

The mark was eventually stabilized and German industry shortly thereafter had a lively boom. Even today, while it is not in a state of prosperity, German industry is still alive.

It is impossible to weigh all the variables in the equation and demonstrate the result of a different policy, even assuming that any alternative was possible at the time. Nor is it of much use to describe other inflations in various countries in the past which have *not* run away, such as the Civil War inflation in the United States. So the historical argument

comes up against the stone wall which historical arguments will always reach, because history is not a science of controlled experimental conditions.

The Micawber Impasse is equally final. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen and sixpence, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty nought and six, result misery." If one citizen must balance his personal budget, runs the argument, so must all citizens balance their collective government budget. Inflationists quote John Maynard Keynes and deny that a national treasury has to keep Micawber's rule, but their opponents are not convinced.

TO AVOID these two dead ends, I shall dwell on certain non-financial elements which I believe have a vital bearing on the question. I agree with the more economical economists to the extent of admitting that *eventually* a national budget must balance or the national medium of exchange will decline too far in value. I say too far, because its value is never fixed, a point which budget balancers often overlook. The best we can do with an elastic ruler is to keep it as near the norm in terms of purchasing power as we can. If the dollar becomes too short, the effect is disastrous. But if it remains elongated, the effect is also disastrous. Today the dollar, in its power to buy domestic commodities, is still considerably longer than it was in 1929.

But I am not going [*Continued on page 58*]





No—

Says David Lawrence

Editor, "The United States News"

MOST of the nostrums being suggested today for government aid to help us out of the depression are based on the erroneous notion that the commerce of the world has ceased to expand, that America has saturated its domestic market, and that there are no longer any frontiers.

If this is so, then indeed we are in a sorry mess. For then governmentally controlled economy would be inevitable.

But it is much more plausible to believe that what is happening to us in this depression is not very much unlike what has happened before, including a panicky psychology that sees always the end of civilization next week.

The best illustration of this point may be obtained by reading the following extract from the first annual report of Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor. It was dated March 17, 1886—nearly fifty years ago.

This full supply of economic tools to meet the wants of nearly all branches of commerce and industry is the most important factor in the present industrial depression.

It is true that the discovery of new processes of manufacture will undoubtedly continue, and this will act as an ameliorating influence, but it will not leave room for a marked extension, such as has been witnessed during the last fifty years, or afford a remunerative employment of the vast amount of capital which has been created during that period.

The market price of products will continue low, no matter what the cost of production may be.

The day of large profits is probably past.

There may be room for further intensive, but not extensive, development of industry in the present area of civilization.

What has happened in the fifty years since that report was written?

Did the market price of products continue low, irrespective of the cost of production?

Did we have a period of low profits?

Did the developments of the last fifty years afford remunerative employment?

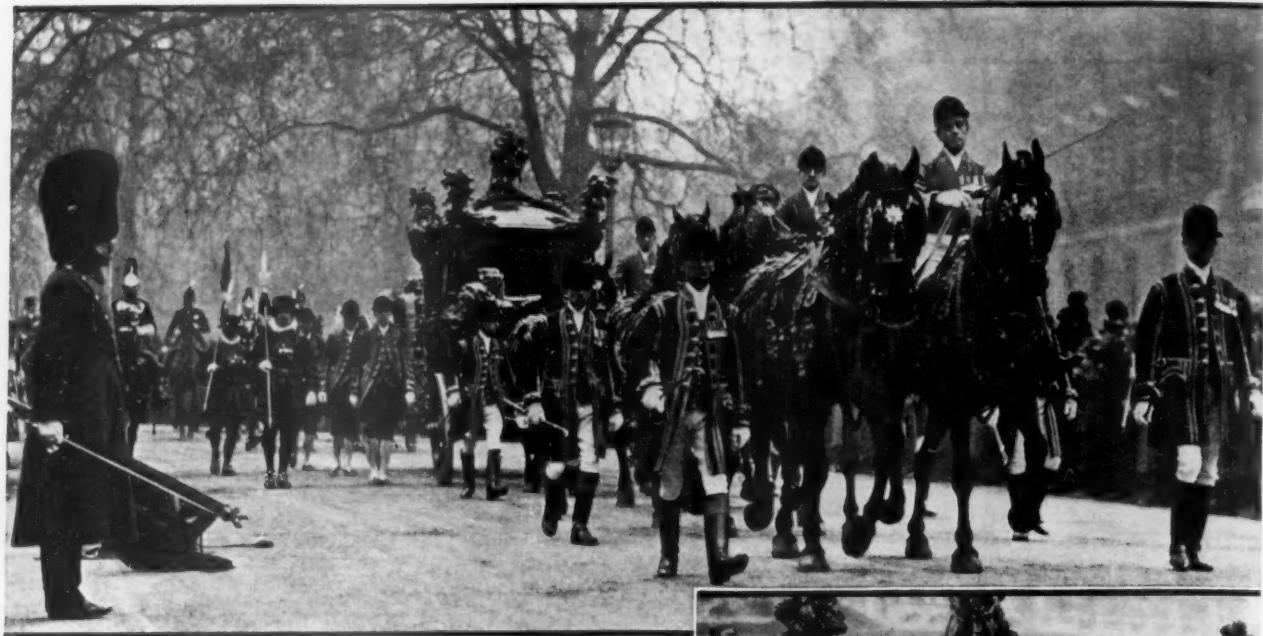
There can be no doubt that the attitude of Mr. Wright reflected the point of view not only of officials in the government but of many people throughout the country. His report was written after an exhaustive study and survey of the causes of the 1879 and 1884 depressions in the United States and other countries. The testimony which he collected reads very much like some of the investigations of the last two or three years.

To say there is an excess of production really means that there is under-consumption. There is no limit to human wants or desires.

EVEN if the population of the world does not increase in the next two decades as rapidly as it has in the last twenty years, we have no right to say that the wants of the human being will not be intensified.

As a matter of fact, the standard of living is constantly being raised throughout the world wherever merchandising and salesmanship can come in contact with purchasing power.

The motor industry in many countries is showing a remarkable improvement because of the improvement in purchasing power. Is it argued that the American people, for instance, have lost their taste for motor cars? On the contrary as soon as their purchasing power enables them to buy motor cars, they get the new models and enjoy a better product at less price than they paid five years ago. The year 1934 set a much better [Continued on page 61]



The royal procession to Westminster to open Parliament. May 6 marks the twenty-fifth year of King George's rule.

The Pageantry of Parliament

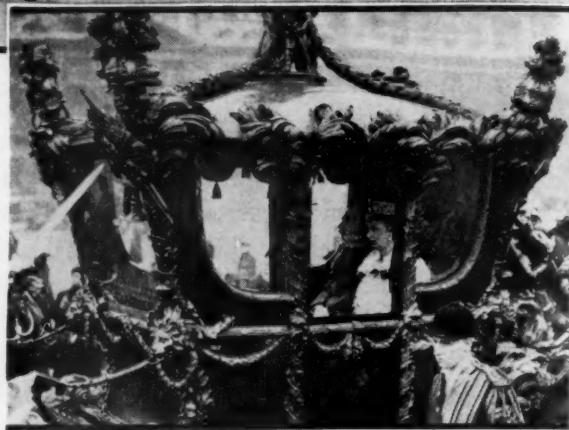
By **Sir Herbert Samuel**

*Member of the House of Commons,
Former Secretary of State for Home Affairs.*

EVERYONE knows that the English like to carry on old traditions, especially in public affairs. But this is not due to a mere unthinking conservatism. Our traditionalism is deliberate. There is a reason for it.

The customs link our times with the centuries that are gone, and so long as they are not harmful or hampering, that in itself is a good thing. They lend dignity to the proceedings of the state. If the law is to command obedience, the legislature should command respect. Prestige is important. Besides, the British Empire is widely scattered; it has populations in Asia and Africa strongly influenced by tradition; there is an advantage in preserving at the center such symbols of greatness as have been inherited from the remote past.

And the old customs have their own charm. Many survive in the daily procedure of the House of Commons, and there is probably not a single member of that assembly, not even the most radical, who would wish to change any one of them.



Photos: (Top) © Keystone; Acme

Come with me, if you have not been there before, to visit the Palace of Westminster; for a thousand years it has been the site of the homes of Kings and Parliaments. The present building is on the same spot; but except for one famous part of it, has not itself been their home. The old palace was destroyed by fire just a hundred years ago. The only important part that survives is the vast Westminster Hall, built originally by the son of William the Conqueror, before the year 1100, and completed by King Richard II at the end of the fourteenth century. Still one of the finest halls in Europe, it is now rarely used. Adjoining it are the extensive new buildings, built also in Gothic style, covering eight acres and containing more than five hundred rooms.

There is, however, one other remnant of the old palace, some beautiful thirteenth century cloisters, now used as a cloakroom for members of the House of Commons. Strangers are not admitted, but since you are with me only in spirit, I will take you through. You will see along the walls rows of brass

pegs for hats and coats, each with a label with a member's name, and you will notice, hanging from each peg, a loop of red tape. This will be your first introduction to the traditionalism of the British Parliament. In the eighteenth century, when every gentleman wore a sword but no member of Parliament was allowed to come armed into the chamber, the loops were put there for the swords. They are there still—but accommodate umbrellas!

Nowadays most members leave their hats in the cloakroom, but when I was elected thirty-three years ago, the rule was to wear your top-hat in the chamber during the debates. I was in fact one of the first to depart from a custom which appeared to me both uncomfortable and unseemly. Only four or five members still maintain it.

From a corner of the cloisters a little staircase goes down to a crypt which is the old Chapel of St. Stephen; at the foot of the staircase is an archway under which Guy Fawkes placed the barrels of gunpowder when he and his confederates tried to blow up the King and Parliament on November 5th, 1605,



the opening day of a new parliamentary session.

And still every year, on the first day of the new session, the Corps of Beefeaters from the Tower of London ("Beefeaters" is a corruption from the old French word *buffetiers*, the men who looked after the buffet) march, in their uniforms of the style of Henry VIII's time, with ruffs round their necks and halberds in their hands, to the Houses of Parliament, and search the cellars for some successor to Guy Fawkes—much as maiden ladies in the last century ceremonially searched each night for burglars under the bed.

(It has been said by some disrespectful critic of our parliamentary institutions, that Guy Fawkes was the only man who ever went to the House of Commons with the right idea!)

COME with me now up the main stairway from the cloisters to the members' lobby of the House of Commons. It is just upon a quarter to three, and the Speaker's procession is due. We take our places among the hundred or two members of the public

who are visiting the building and who are lined up across the large open space by three or four London policemen. A distant sonorous voice is heard announcing "Speaker!" After a moment, the police inspector calls out: "Hats off, strangers!"

There is a pause and a silence, and then along the corridor leading from the Speaker's residence there comes the little procession — first, one of the "messengers" of the House of Commons, a dignified person in knee-breeches, black stockings, and tail-coat, with a gilt badge suspended from his neck; then the Sergeant-at-Arms, the principal officer of the House next to the Speaker, wearing a black eighteenth century dress with a court sword at his side and carrying over his shoulder the great gilt mace, presented some two hundred and seventy years ago by King Charles II; next the Speaker himself, a stately figure in knee-breeches, white stock and a long black

Since 1605, when Guy Fawkes tried to blow up King and Parliament with gunpowder, husky "Beefeaters" from the Tower of London have searched cellars of the Houses of Parliament on opening day for plotters.

gown, wearing the kind of full-bottomed grey wig that was the fashion in the time of Queen Anne at the beginning of the eighteenth century; after him comes the train-bearer, supporting the train of the Speaker's gown; and then, side by side, the Chaplain of the House and the Speaker's private secretary.

It is a simple ceremony, but impressive; and impressive chiefly by the fact that that little procession has gone from the Speaker's residence, through the lobby, into the House of Commons, every day that the House has been sitting, for time unknown.

We will follow through the swing-doors—for are you not invisible?—into the House itself. The Speaker proceeds to the further end, and, turning, kneels down on a stool at the long table which occupies about a third of the floor-space between the benches; beside him kneels the Chaplain, who reads the daily prayer for the Parliament in the ancient form. Those members, who are already in their places, stand with reverence and join in the responses. Prayers over, the door-keeper calls out to the lobby "Speaker in the Chair," and the cry is taken up and echoed by the policemen in the corridors all over the great building. The ringing of electric bells supplements the voices. The business of the day begins. The House fills up.

You will notice that each member as he enters, bows to the Chair. There is a tradition that in medieval times a crucifix stood at the upper end of the chamber, and that the obeisance was originally made for that reason. However that may be, it is still the custom, universally observed, for every member entering—and leaving as well—to make his bow towards the Chair.

The first hour of the sitting is devoted to questions, the members of the Government answering

the questions, relating to the affairs of the various departments, of which members have previously given notice. Then follows the discussion of the business of the day.

A member is never mentioned in debate by name, but by reference to the constituency he represents.

A minister, ex-minister, or other member who has been admitted to the honorary position of Privy Councillor, and who therefore has the title of "Right Honorable," is referred to as "the Right Honorable Member"; a soldier or sailor is "the Honorable and Gallant Member"; a lawyer "the Honorable and Learned Member" (that is if he is a barrister, but not if he is a solicitor, distinctions, however, that do not prevail within the legal profession in America); a woman member is "the Honorable Lady the Member for Blank."

Order is usually well observed. The directions of the Chair are obeyed without question. On the rare occasions when some member is unruly, and persists in his mis-

"named." The Speaker draws the attention of the House to the conduct of "Mr. So-and-so." The Prime Minister, or whoever is acting on his behalf as Leader of the House, then immediately moves that the member "be suspended from the service of the House." When the motion is carried, as it always is, the member who is censured withdraws from the chamber; or if he is still recalcitrant, the Sergeant-at-Arms, who is in constant attendance, in person or by deputy, touches him on the shoulder, and then the member, with the rarest of exceptions, will surrender to this symbolic exercise of "force."

COME out for a rest into the libraries, a long series of lofty rooms with windows overlooking the Thames. In one of them there is something that may interest you. All round the upper part of the walls, over the tall bookcases, there is carved in gilt letters a list of the names of all the Speakers of the



Courtesy, British Museum

The Speaker of the House of Commons, two hundred years ago. From a contemporary Hogarth engraving.

House of Commons—beginning with a certain Sir Thomas Hungerford as long ago as 1377, and ending, as yet, with the present Speaker, Captain Fitzroy. The name "Speaker" is due, of course, to the fact that in early days, when the representatives of the Commons had occasion to visit the King, they selected one of their number to speak on their behalf; it became the custom for this "speaker" to preside over their meetings.

In another of the library rooms is the table of the old House of Commons, which had been saved from the fire—the table at which Canning and Castle-reagh, William Pitt, and Fox, the elder Pitt, and Walpole, had stood as they delivered orations that swayed the Parliament and molded history.

In the libraries, as in many other of the rooms of the House, are telegraphic "announcers," with a tape three or four inches wide, on which appears the name of the member who is addressing the House, so that others may know whether to go back into the chamber and listen or, perhaps, prudently to stay away.

Pass from the library back into the members' lobby, and if it happens to be a day when the King's Assent is being given to bills which have been passed by both Houses of Parliament, you may chance upon a ceremony which sums up in its symbolism some centuries of English history.

There comes along the corridor, from the part of

the buildings occupied by the House of Lords, the officer of that House who corresponds to the Sergeant-at-Arms, and who bears the title of Usher of the Black Rod. Dressed in an eighteenth century suit, with knee-breeches and a court-sword, wearing on his breast the gilt badge of the House of Lords and carrying in his hand a short ebony rod with a gilt emblem, he makes his way through the lobbies. At his approach the doorkeeper of the House of Commons bangs to the great door. This is to signify that the House of Commons is under no obligation to admit a messenger from the House of Lords, or even from the King; it admits him only of its own free will.

BLACK ROD comes to the door and knocks on it three times with his staff. There is a spy-hole through which the doorkeeper looks, and having verified his anticipations as to the identity of the visitor, he opens the outer door and turns and announces "Black Rod" to the Commons. The Speaker interrupts the debate; Black Rod enters and recites a message, desiring "the immediate attendance of this Honorable House" (at which he bows to the right and left) "at the House of Peers to hear the Royal Commission read"; the Speaker leaves the chair, and followed by the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing the mace, the Clerk of the House in wig and gown, the Privy Councillors [Continued on page 64]

In the heart of London, along the River Thames, is Westminster Palace, seat of the British Parliament. A part of it was built before 1100 by William the Conqueror's son. Note famous Big Ben in the Clock Tower.



Good Farming Still Pays

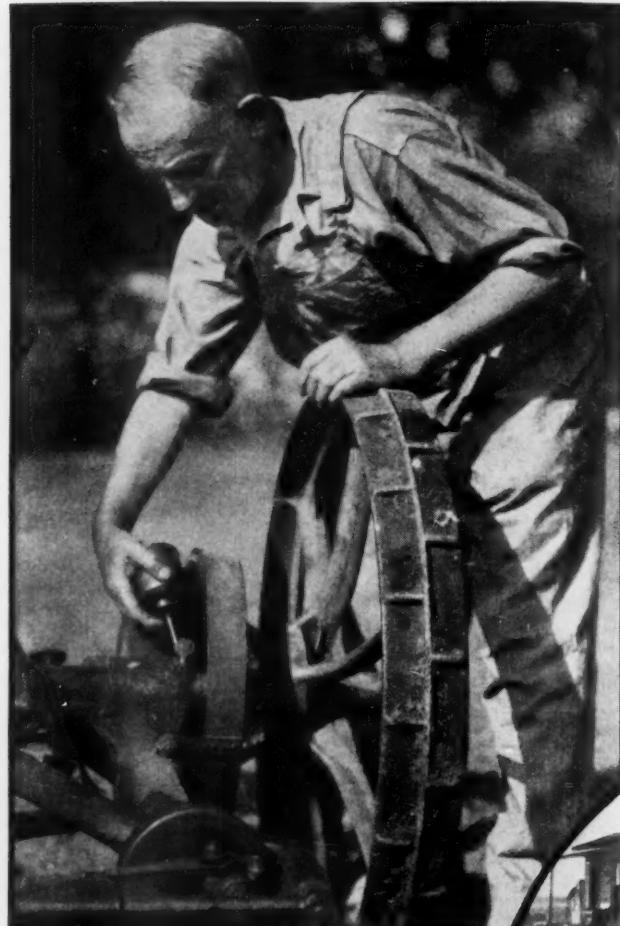
By Cornelius J. Claassen

IF I HAD not been born and reared on a farm, and spent my life in or very close to farming, I should probably by now have broken down completely through sympathy for the sad plight of the farmer. Particularly for his sad plight as pictured by the golden-tongued orators who, for reasons of political or financial expediency, make it their business to be professional friends of agriculture.

Unfortunately for my sympathies, I head a concern in Omaha, Nebraska, which makes its living by managing farms for owners, principally absentee owners. Today we are managing between 600 and 700 farms in the Middle West United States from Iowa to Colorado, from Minnesota to Kansas. I cite this at the outset to qualify myself as one in close touch with a typical cross-section of American agriculture. Frankly, I do not agree with many of those men who rant about the farmer being so ill-treated, nor do I see any likelihood of his eventual impoverishment.

In fact, I believe that even in these admittedly hard times—perhaps I should say, especially in these times—farming is a pretty good occupation. Not all farmers are in good shape, of course. Even a considerable number of good farmers, to be sure, have taken it on the chin from the drought of the past years. But while this does not improve the financial condition of those unfortunates who ended the crop year with no crops and their wells dry, it is well worth considering that in several other lines of business there have occurred since 1929 economic casualties which everybody must deplore.

I am constantly astonished at the widespread belief among city business men that "any darn fool without brains can run a farm." (The quotation is from an insurance executive who thus expressed himself to me across my desk.) On the contrary, it takes ability, plus an infinite capacity for hard work and taking pains, to make a good farmer.



"The farmer who lets his mowing machine go un-oiled will need a new mower sooner than his more careful neighbor."

Just as in any business or occupation, the difference between profit and loss usually depends on doing a large number of small things extremely well; the economists, I believe, term this the principle of cumulative differentials. The farmer who lets his mowing machine go un-oiled will need a new mower sooner than his more careful neighbor. The farmer who turns his horses into the night-lot with halters still on is bound to be a more frequent customer of the harness-maker, and is likely to have higher bills with the veterinary.

NOT long ago in a talk before a convention I made a remark which has been quoted and requoted so often that it bids fair to become a by-word. I remarked that if there were any way to settle the bet, I would wager that half of the farmers who lost their farms through foreclosure during the last ten years were those who left their spades and manure forks standing around uncleared after using them.

On our home farm, the hired man who did this was permitted one such lapse; after a second lapse, he was looking for a new job right away. As for us children, it meant a serious executive session behind the woodshed. And when my father died, there came to his funeral many sorrowing farmers who declared that they owed their prosperity to the apprenticeship served on our farm. He left three sons. Two of them are prosperous Master Farmers, and the other has attained a measure of success in a line of work closely linked to the soil.

The farmers are not in such a bad plight. This statement is, I realize, almost heresy. Folks who depend on their city newspapers for farm facts seem to have a belief that most farmers have been sold out by the sheriff. Folks in the country towns have been depressed by the moaning about the farmer. Frequently

I drop into some country bank or other and have a talk with the banker. He tells me, usually, that everything has gone to the dogs, that the farmers are in desperate straits, and so forth. So I regularly inquire, "I suppose you have a few farmers around here who are making some progress?"

"**D**H, yes," he admits almost reluctantly. "There's Bill Schwartz, over north of town. Bill does a lot of stock feeding, and he sure knows his business. Loses on a car of feeders once in a while, but month-in and month-out he makes money finishing out steers."

"Anybody making progress dairying?" I pursue.

"There's not much money in fresh milk," he tells me dolefully. "But there's a few doing all right. There's one fellow specially, came in here from Kansas City in 1930 and bought a good 80-acre piece four miles southeast. He paid \$80 an acre for it, half down. Well sir, that son-of-a-gun cleared up his mortgage in 1933, and he's been building up his account with us right along. Matter of fact, our deposits keep increasing all the time, and now that I think of it, the increase is mostly from the farmers. But I can't see how they do it, with everything so bad in farming these days!"

Suppose we have a look at some statistics (apologetically, since figures are seldom sprightly reading). But until we have a few figures firmly in mind, we cannot accurately appraise the farm situation. Let's first examine the farm mortgage figures.

There are somewhat over six million farms in the United States, of which by the 1930 census 58 per cent are entirely debt-free. The per-



"Before and after" pictures of a Nebraska farmhouse—showing what an encouraged tenant farmer did to make the place more slytly and efficient. Attention to details, says the author, often is the difference between a losing and a paying farm.

The Rotary Club of Casey, Illinois, was instrumental in developing local limestone resources. Now "sugar for sour soil" is available to farmers at a price they can pay. Here is a truck spreading the powdered limestone over a field badly needing it.



centage has probably not increased, for farm mortgage money has been unobtainable these past years, and whatever proportion of farms has been mortgaged meanwhile to satisfy debt is probably offset by the mortgages actually paid off in cash. So we have roughly two and one-half million mortgaged farms. Of these, certainly less than half are getting into difficulty; my observation and study would set the figure closer to 25 per cent of all mortgaged farms in difficulties. Let's say, then, a million farms are or have been in difficulties.

THIS means that five million farms, and the twenty-five million people they support, have been getting along without recourse to bread lines, unemployment relief, or any other form of charity. Stack that proportion up against the plight of factory workers, or office workers, or salesmen, or even bank presidents!

Another interesting study, now that we are knee-deep in statistics, is on the holdings of farm mortgages. There are approximately nine billion dollars in farm mortgages, on the mortgaged 42 per cent of our nation's farms. Their ownership in 1932 was distributed as follows:

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Life Insurance Companies | 23 per cent |
| Federal and Joint Stock Land Banks | 19 per cent |
| Farmers | 15 per cent |

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| Other Individuals | 15 per cent |
| Commercial Banks | 11 per cent |
| Mortgage Companies | 10 per cent |
| All Others | 7 per cent |

So we see that the farmers themselves hold 15 per cent of the total farm mortgage debt—about one and one-third billions of it. Do you still think farming is a starvation industry? It seems to me that this is evidence of a reasonable prosperity, perhaps not in the past year or two, but certainly over any really representative term of years.

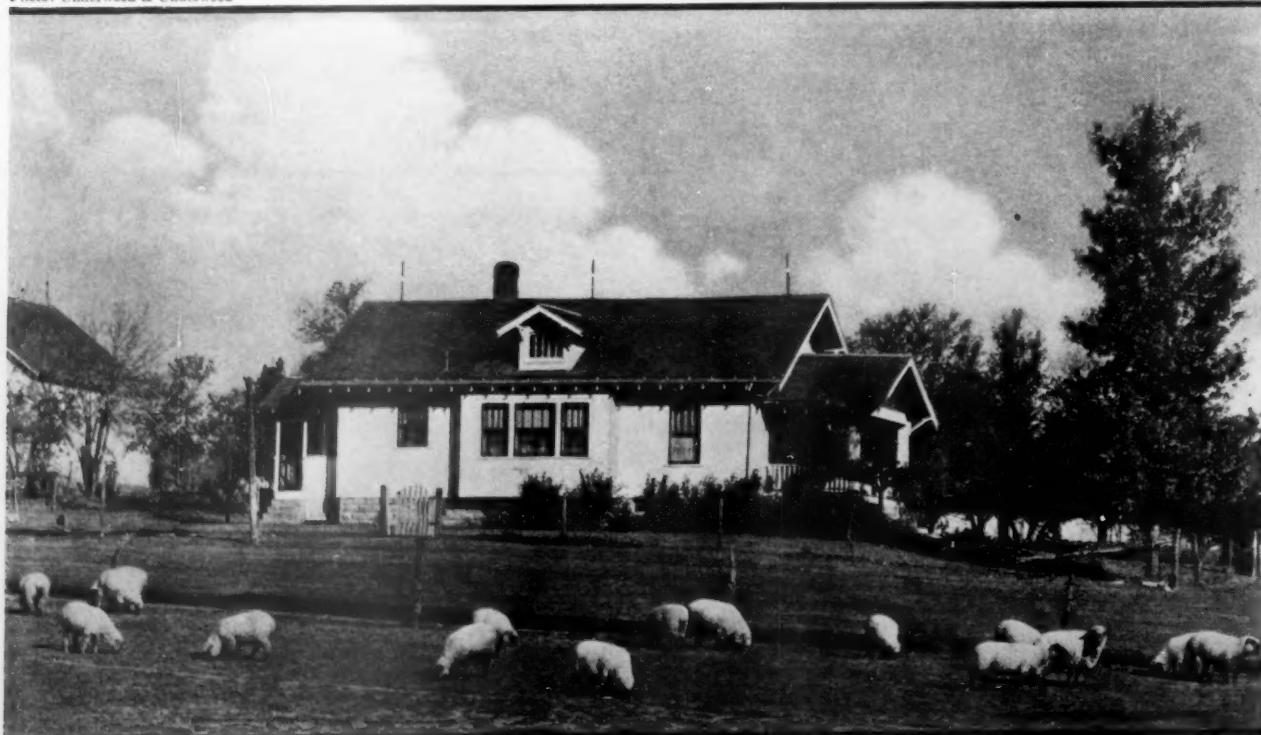
By government statistics, the income from agricultural production in 1933 was some 6 billion, 400 millions of dollars, 24 per cent above 1932. The figures for 1934, just received, are $7\frac{1}{4}$ billion, which makes a sizable improvement over the previous year. The 1933 figures average out a little better than \$1,000 cash income per farm in the United States, which is a materially larger income than the average for all American families even in good times. And the farmer also has his housing and most of the living to earn for his family—something which he seldom computes in figuring his year's earnings.

Leaving out the livelihood, any sharp-pencil expert can prove farming is very unprofitable. A North Dakota Master Farmer a few years ago opened his talk before a national gathering of business men by saying, "I stand here repre-

[Continued on page 51]

"The farmer who knows his business . . . has not done so badly. He will keep right on supporting his family, paying his taxes, and reducing his mortgage no matter how violently economic storms may roar about his head."

Photo: Underwood & Underwood





"In the path of the sunlight, illuminated as by the glow of the fire stood Salaminé."

Adventures in Understanding

Brothers of the Northland

By Rockwell Kent

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid
and self-contain'd;
I stand and look at them long and long . . .
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania
of owning things;
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived
thousands of years ago;
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

—Walt Whitman

THERE was a time, a hundred years ago, when thoughtful men, alarmed at the supplanting of human labor by machines, and by forebodings of some crisis like today's to come, gave thought to the establishing of coöperative self-supporting communities, knowing that such were possible and believing that they offered men more happy lives. That these thoughts were untimely, and that the public held their sponsors to be no more than charlatans or fools, need not blind us in our present crisis to what practical wisdom they possessed, nor to the necessity of finding now perhaps a similar solution to the problem

of unemployment. Not that the salvation of our race must lie in a reversion to mankind's earlier ways, but that by such reversion, practiced now, we may save lives and gain in wisdom whereby to construct a more satisfying future.

Man *used* to live without machines, live well and happily. What sort of men—and how? Because I've lately been among contemporaries of our past and, living with them, come to know their likeness to ourselves, to know how well they live and how securely; because I have been moved by their rare happiness, I write about them now: my friends, the Greenlanders.

Greenland is neither the forbidding polar land of everlasting ice and snow that many believe it to be, nor the potential garden spot that the Norwegian claims, debated at The Hague, suggest. This "largest island in the world" may be compared to a vast platter, of which the rim is mountains, and the bowl—six-sevenths of the platter's area—is filled to overflowing with eternal ice. There are, in southern

Greenland, areas of fertile land where sheep and cows have thriven and some short-season crops matured. These are the spots that Eric colonized and that for centuries supported white men numbered into thousands. And here and there along the western coast, northward to Melville Bay, are grazing areas where, possibly, great herds of reindeer could be kept.

Much more might be done, perhaps; what *is* is what concerns us now. For in that region of North Greenland, of which I write, men live by hunting creatures of the sea; and to compute the area of land of use to them would be to find the area of a line—the line of shore. They live on land; they earn that living on the sea.

Seal, now and then a whale, fish in their season, these are the food of man: his meat, vegetable, and daily bread. The hunters trade, with cash as go-between, the fat and skins for merchandise available at Danish outpost stores; for cloth and cotton goods; for tobacco; for guns and ammunition (necessities today); for "luxuries"—perfume (what stuff!), beads, dreadful knick-knacks, handkerchiefs; and food. But in the remoter trading posts, where one meets the finest manhood of the race and its older customs, food from the store is luxury and not to be considered as a staple of the people's diet. Coffee—a compound, as they use it, of the coffee bean and rice or barley burnt to a cinder, and chicory—sugared *ad nauseum* to taste; oatmeal, rice, barley-meal, dried peas, and beans;

bread at festivities; dried figs and raisins now and then, most days a taste of some one of these, many without them; but always, when there's food at all, boiled meat or fish.

IN TIMES of scarcity, during perhaps that trying season between fall and winter when the new-formed ice is not yet strong enough to bear the hunter's weight or to resist destruction by a storm, the people are hard to keep alive. Each year they face that risk improvidently. Then, pinched by hunger, they must kill and eat their dogs: good meat but costly: dogs are capital.

There was a man named Olé, of our settlement, who, having sledged with his wife, his three small children, and some others to an isolated house-place on an otherwise unpopulated island, found himself and party marooned there through the destruction of ice by an untimely storm. He was without dogs for, being a poor man, he had depended on the teams of those now absent. Yet his predicament gave no uneasiness to those at home: he had his gun and kayak; seal, it was assumed, were plentiful. It so happened, however, that the first destructive storm was followed by a succession of others that not only prevented the ice from re-forming, but so obstructed the turbulent water with floating ice as to make its navigation in a boat impossible. With the continuance of bad weather the confidence of those at home

As picturesque as the birch canoe of the American Indian is the Eskimo kayak, used to hunt seals. The frame is covered with sealskin, and the lone occupant is so tightly laced in that his seaworthy little craft doesn't fill with water even though it should upset.

Woodcuts by the author are reproduced from his book *N* by E. by courtesy of the publishers, Bremer & Warren, New York, N. Y.





"David and Karen own a house (it is about ten feet square inside; the floor, walls, and ceiling are of boards; outside is built of turf), a platform to sleep on, a feather bed, a stove, a pot, a cup, a saucer, a wooden box, clothes on their bodies and a garment or two besides, a gun, a kayak, five dogs, a sledge . . . They're satisfied."

In southern Greenland, notes the author, there are areas of fertile land where sheep thrive and some short-season crops mature. But in North Greenland, of which he is enamored, "the men live by hunting creatures of the sea."

gave place to the most gloomy forebodings; and at the first opportunity to cross, two men were sent with all the provisions they could carry on their backs. They were in time—but barely. No longer could any of the household have moved, either to procure food and fuel or attempt escape. They lay huddled under what few coverings they had, starving and cold. Their boots and skin kayak covering were gone: they'd eaten them. A week later sledges crossed and brought them to the settlement. There were four children now: a baby had been born.

The settlement in which I lived, Igdlorssuit, was on an outlying island in the district of Umanak, North Greenland. There I had built my house: it was a great event, the building of it. The house was reared on a hillside that overlooked the settlement, the Sound, and the distant mountain ranges of the mainland. All day the people thronged that hillside, basked in the August sunshine, watched us at work or looked with unconscious longing, never palling at that serene and lovely world of sea and floating berg and mountains that had been and would always be their race's universe. Their love of that—their world!—too deeply part of them for speech. What must it be to *live* in such environment! Can the power of beauty be so frail that souls partaking of it thus unconsciously all day of every day of all their lives will not somehow be beautified? Is fresh air made more welcome by our knowing it?

My house consisted of but one small room, a cellar,



and a store room. It had been my plan to live alone; yet even before the house was completed I had come to realize not only the inconvenience and difficulty of caring for myself, but what pleasure it might be to have another care for me. At Umanak, the trading center of the district, lived, I was told, a young widow and her three small children. There is none like her, people said, for beauty, wisdom, and good character. Get her, they said, and no one else. Her name is Salaminé. I went to Umanak. I'll see her first, I thought. Be cautious.

THE morning sun was shining through the window of the room we entered; it lay, a dazzling patch upon the floor. In the path of sunlight, illuminated as by the glow of the fire stood Salaminé. Straight, strong, young, beautiful, and good: I saw and knew her at one glance.

"Ask her," I said to my [Continued on page 67]

Deep In the Corn Belt Is Des Moines—



By Wayne Gard

PEOPLE in Des Moines, Iowa, metropolis of the American corn belt, believe they have less cause for worry over local revolutionary and inflammatory propaganda than residents in any city of similar size the country over. They sleep soundly at night, undisturbed by the goblins of the "isms" invoked so frequently and so loudly from the street-corner soap-boxes in other cities.

This does not mean that Des Moines residents have been lulled into indifference or false security. Nor does it mean that they are exempt from the economic maladjustments from which the whole civilized world has been suffering. In the depression years, their pocketbooks became just as thin as those of people in any other community in an agricultural region.

The difference is that Des Moines citizens, beset by business difficulties and bewildered by conflicting counsel, have been getting together at neighborhood schools in the evenings to talk things over in the old New England town-meeting manner. They have discovered that they could discuss issues as controversial as money inflation and veterans' compensation, even communism, without losing their tempers. They are learning how to break great problems into understandable parts and then to form defensible opinions.

These public forums are a part of a five-year experiment in adult education that began in January, 1933, under the direction of the Des Moines Board of Education and Rotarian J. W. Studebaker, then

A City Without a Bogey

Citizens meet nightly to talk matters over... The soap-box forum of yore is growing up.

superintendent of schools, now United States commissioner of education. They are financed by a grant of \$125,000 from the Carnegie Corporation through the American Association for Adult Education. They are being watched and studied by public-spirited citizens elsewhere who are eager to bring to their communities also the benefits of democratic exchange of opinion.

"The successful practice of democracy" Mr. Studebaker recently declared, "requires that every man stand up for the right as he sees it, speak his mind, share his views with others, and listen with tolerance to the honest expressions of opinion by his fellow citizens."

Those words catch the spirit of the Des Moines forums. They have done much to bring out the common interests of groups which appeared to be drifting dangerously apart. They have tended to bring financiers down from pedestals and to draw radical speakers in from the river-front. These forums have raised and upholstered the soap-box, have made it broad enough to hold citizens of all shades of opinion, and have converted it into a useful instrument for democracy.

T should not be supposed, however, that these forums are but haphazard speech-making. Rather, they are conducted by trained leaders who are thoroughly informed on the problems of economics, politics, and international affairs, and who know how to handle heterogeneous discussion groups. The leader guides the discussion and keeps it from drifting too far from the announced subject of the evening. Recently, in addition to an address by the leader on the scheduled topic and general discussion, the meetings have included a brief discussion of "spot news" or current events, occupying the first fifteen minutes of the ninety-minute period. Another recent development has been debates between two of the regular forum leaders.

Forum leaders serving for the first term in the experiment were Lyman Bryson who had previously served as director of the California Association for Adult Education; Thomas Nixon Carver, Harvard professor-emeritus of economics; Felix Morley, author of a standard work on the League of Nations, staff member of the Brookings Institution, and now editor of the *Washington Post*; Henry A. Wallace, now United States secretary of agriculture; Carl C. Taylor, agricultural economist; and Carroll H. Woody, University of Chicago professor, member of the research staff of President Hoover's Committee on Social Trends, and author of several books in the field of political science.

For the 1933-34 season, Mr. Bryson and Mr. Woody were re-engaged, and other leaders added, including W. J. Hinton, English economist, Hans Kohn, Austrian historian; Luigi Villari, Italian diplomat; S. Stansfeld Sargent, international observer; and William H. Adams, California historian. During this season speakers were also engaged for single appearances at "city-wide" forums. Among these were: Sir Norman Angell, Professor Paul H. Douglas, Professor Harry D. Gideonse, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, Frank Bohn, W. E. B. DuBois, and S. K. Ratcliffe.

Neighborhood leaders for the year 1934-35 include Mr. Woody, Professor Hubert Phillips of California, and Professor Peter H. Odegard of Ohio State University at Columbus.

The list of "central forum leaders," serving from three to six weeks each, is long. It includes William McAndrew, famous as Chicago's school superintendent; Louis Anspacher, dramatist and philosopher; Hubert Herring, director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America; Paul Scharrenberg, secretary-treasurer of the California State Federation of Labor; Alden G. Alley of the Council for the Prevention of War; Leon K. Whipple, literary critic of the *Survey*; Karl Polanyi, Austrian economist; Chih Meng, associate director of

the China Institute in America; Pierre de Lanux, formerly director of the Paris office of the League of Nations; and Frank O. Darvall, English history professor and publicist.

Subjects discussed in the forums have ranged widely over the whole field of public affairs. The depression, its causes and consequences, formed the subject of many lectures. The issues of political campaigns have been analyzed impartially. Fads and follies of the day have not escaped attention: technocracy, inflationary movements, the Townsend Plan, Huey Long and Father Coughlin have been considered and debated. Foreign affairs were examined intensively, and the points of view of foreign nations have had direct and intimate expression by those who know them at first hand.

ALL subjects are handled from an educational, rather than a propagandist, point of view. The purpose is not to convert people into inflationists or deflationists, prohibitionists or repealers, technocrats



Photo: "The Des Moines Register and Tribune"

Sometimes the groups are large, sometimes they are small. But always they are interested. On the opposite page is shown Dr. C. H. Woody, a leader in the forum.

or single-taxers. The aim rather is to make citizens better informed on important problems of the hour, to encourage the discussion of these problems both within and outside the forums, and to help people to formulate their opinions more intelligently.

A popular feature of the project has been the noonday forums at downtown hotels or restaurants for the benefit of business [Continued on page 50]

Rotary Fiesta

- Convention Entertainment

By Julio Zetina

President, Rotary Club of Mexico City

MEXICO is eagerly preparing to surpass itself and outshine its finest fêtes for the convention of Rotary International June 17 to 21. Our committees are enthusiastically at work, and soon plans will be perfected to delight the guests from all parts of the world who will honor us with a visit. Already it is possible to outline some of the features on the entertainment program.

Delegates and their families who arrive on June 16, Sunday, will have a jubilant civic welcome, Mexican style. Picturesque musicians and troubadours will invade the railroad stations and Pullman City to sound a lilting keynote of joy for the week.

The sumptuous salons of the Palace of Fine Arts, to be known during the convention as the "House of Friendship," will be open all day. Here the visiting Rotarian may come in the afternoon and experience a program of typical Mexican entertainment. Musicians and dancers will be there to bring pleasure to the visitors—and to give them an insight into our people. For far more than our metropolitan edifices, our songs, especially those of origins lost in folk antiquity, reveal the soul and the rhythmic art of the masses.

THEY are the spirit of the indigenous races mourning for their glorious past . . . poems of the restless *mestizo*, which turn soft and tender as the wild honey to be presented to a beloved bride, ranging the gamut of inspiration drawn from the fountain of deceit, the tabernacle of religion, the fugitive flames of rebellion, the fragrant gardens of idealism. They tell of the faith that pretends to burn entire epochs to blend the race with the luminous mirage of progress . . . the melancholy of a people translated into songs, sensual and poignant, into dances which soften voluptuousness into languid charm, with simple melodies that prolong the plaints of love. Early mornings, fresh and riotous, are in this music and in the dances there is a playful and



Photo: Gendreau

Romance at Don Quixote Fountain in Chapultepec Park.

mischiefous note and the gallantry of the *ranchos*.

On Monday, a garden party in historic Chapultepec Park. Fireworks and brilliant lights will illuminate the lake, and gay booths among the ancient trees will invoke the spirit of the pilgrimage of the Aztec before the beardless, eagle-eyed, straight-haired Tenochas took possession of the heart of the lakes in the name of their hero, Tenoch. Here on the cliff, where an eagle perched on a cactus was seen to devour a serpent, they began their settlement.

The city that is now Mexico deepened its piercing, century-old roots in the mud, and with increasing fervor Chapultepec was revered. A temple was reared on its heights, and to these woods Aztec kings came for recreation. The Monday festival will revert to the customs of other years, recalling the rich legacy of ancient fiestas, amusements, dances, ballads. Mexican people regard these as inherent in their life, and surely they will charm the visitor who finds pleasure in understanding customs, traditions, and legends saturated with dramatic and emotional episodes.

Characteristic of Chapultepec are the gigantic ahuehuete (an Aztec word meaning "old man of the

water") trees. In spring and summer they are a beautiful green, but in winter they catch a ruddy tint. What a story they could tell! Many were huge before Cortez and his *conquistadores* came. Among these trees, Cortez raised a fortification, and viceroys from Spain, emulating Aztec predecessors, set aside this region for pleasure. Where the palace of Nezahualcoyotl had stood they erected a summer palace, and on the site of the heathen temple on the summit, where bloody rites had been consummated, they built a hermitage to St. Francis Xavier.

Chapultepec's history lures the pen on . . . It was in February, 1824, that a crazed female wolf entered the woods and mangled four children and left dying two old women belonging to the caretaker's family. He, hearing their cries of terror, rushed in and grappled with the wolf. Somehow, with a razor he decapitated the wolf, but all of the survivors of the tragedy, except the caretaker, died of rabies. He lived for a few years a life of misery and ill-health. And the skin of the wolf long hung from

one of the ahuehuete trees, a grim remembrance.

In 1843, the building was fortified and transformed into a castle. Here stood in heroic defense, and here died a band of Mexican youth who opposed the invasion of soldiers from north of the Rio Grande during the war of 1846-48.

TURN a few more pages in the annals of Chapultepec . . . In the 'sixties of the last century, Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, of Austria, chose Chapultepec as his favorite residence. Dreaming of his castle of Miramar on the sunny Adriatic, he ordered reconstruction on manorial lines, and his plans were executed almost in their entirety. Today, visitors will find the building preserved as much for its artistic as its historical value, for Maximilian builded well. Now the palace is open to the public as a museum. From the observatories, one may contemplate a vista that is a marvel of beauty, sweeping the eye over fine terraces, the hanging gardens and the ramp which encircles the edifice like a great spiral. Within, the decorations are elaborate, the Louis XV period predominating. Costly furniture and art objects remain as testimony to the ephemeral splendor of a vanished dream.

To Chapultepec, in the Alcazar this time, will come the ladies of Rotary on Tuesday for tea, the first lady of the republic, wife of President Cardenas, receiving. This gathering will provide opportunity for informal conversation among Mexican hostesses and their guests. On the same day, visitors will be given another opportunity to learn of the life of the Mexican people. The plan is to invite these Rotary guests to see for themselves the homes of leading metropolitan families whose proverbial hospitality has merited universal praise from time immemorial.

Photo: Márquez



Yaqui deer
dancer from
north Mexico.

Chapultepec Park from the air.
Much of Mexico's history, from
Toltec days to the present, has
been written on these heights.



Following this delightful courtesy, a concert will be presented by the Symphony Orchestra. This is a musical institution which, because of the virtuosity of its members and the prominence of its director, has added much to the cultural fame of Mexico.

On Wednesday comes the President's Ball, honoring Robert L. Hill, president of Rotary International. The salons of the Foreign Club have been selected for this brilliant affair. The Foreign Club is a sumptuous casino, near the city, where until December last there flourished the richest center of amusement known in Mexico. To the music of two large orchestras, several hundred persons will be able to enjoy dancing, while others, should they desire, may wander into the typical Spanish patio to listen to a program in charge of songsters whose specialty is delighting the visitor.

IN THURSDAY—an afternoon at the beautiful Churubusco Country Club for the ladies. Local professional artists will give appropriate dance and musical numbers, and, weather permitting, tea and other refreshments will be served on the lawn.

During the evening and under profuse illumination, pupils from various parts of Mexico who have been selected from the schools, will perform, each in the costume of his locality. This festival will take place in the great bull-ring arena, El Toreo, with an accompaniment of stirring music from military bands. The creative fires, which have for centuries burned steadily even among the disinherited classes of Mexico, will this evening burst into flame. Their

songs and dances, picturesque and colorful, although reminiscent of an extremely remote past, take form from a relatively recent epoch, perhaps the second half of the eighteenth century.

There will be ballads typical of Guanajuato, composed almost entirely by people close to the soil; southern ballads from the mountains, which are the oldest and most varied, possessing a blended rhythm marked by an ingenuous style that is at once gracious and almost childlike; *mariachis*—a word which has intrigued philologists, who do not yet agree on its origin; *huapangos*, ballads and *huestecan* songs; brilliant marches; the *pascola*, purely primitive; music from Yucatan—so the list runs on.

Costumes will capture the eye of all who have a sensitivity for color. Beautiful maidens will wear the *china poblana* dress, or that of the various Indian tribes including the striking attire from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Men, too, will appear in colorful garb, with all the variations of the *charro* known to Mexico.

This brief forecast of Mexico's welcome to Rotary is admittedly fragmentary. It fails to mention what may be called the "routine" entertainment Mexico has for its guests, among which, of course, could be listed a bull fight and side trips to Cuernavaca, Taxco, and other places of scenic interest. The formal program of speeches, assemblies, and the varied gatherings that give form to a great convention of Rotary—all of this I leave to our capable Convention Committee chairman, Ed. R. Johnson, who will tell you of it in the June ROTARIAN.

* *The new and sumptuous Foreign Club, just out of Mexico City. Here on Wednesday evening of convention week, will be held the annual President's Ball, honoring Robert L. Hill, president of Rotary International.*





Photo: Gendreau

Flashing smiles, mantillas, fans . . . A festive note harking back to Old Spain will mark Rotary dinners and balls during convention week.

So You and Ted Are Going Too!

MY dearest Elizabeth:

Bravo! It would take a foot of exclamation points adequately to convey our joy that you and Ted are going to join the Rotary trek to Mexico in June. But one *bravo* will do for the moment. It will put you in the mood for Mexico, too, for you'll hear it many times, your Mexican being vocal in his enthusiasms, whether at movie, opera, or bullfight.

You say you've decided to go to the convention "even if you can't afford it." Yes you can, and I think I can prove it. I know what you are thinking—that a big convention in the summer means a lot of grand new summer clothes. Well, this one does not. You don't wear summer clothes in Mexico (and I mean the City, now, for one writes "Mexico, D. F." as we in the states do "Washington, D. C."). For that enchanting city sits in a high valley nearly 7,500 feet above sea level. Which in turn, my lamb, means cool, delightfully cool weather, even though the valley is in the tropics!

So the clothes problem is simple. You wear the clothes you've been wearing this spring or the fall outfits you bought in October . . . your fall or spring

Wherein Ann, who knows Mexico, gives Elizabeth a few pointers on what to take, what to wear, and what to do in Mexico City.

suit, with a couple of blouses for the daytime. As I didn't get a suit this year, I'm taking a wool jersey and a dark print, with my coat. And I'm packing a raincoat, for the rainy season usually begins late in May or early in June.

While the theory is that the rain usually falls at night, the weather does not move on schedule in Mexico any more than it does in these United States. But once you see the glorious gardens, you'll bless the rains which make them possible. Anyhow, you can always tell when the daily rain is impending. It suddenly gets very chilly—and that's your cue to call a taxi and hurry back to shelter. You are almost certain to be caught at least once during the week, so be sure to bring two pairs of walking shoes. Besides, you will need them for your sightseeing trips. We'll come to that, later.

Photo:
Hugo Brehme

Bring evening dresses, and a good warm wrap for night. Furs are in order. The cold of the night is the still cold of mountain heights. Of course, your evening frocks mean Ted's "tux"—or does he call it "smoking"? He *can* do without it. But he will feel more comfortable with it, for Mexico City is one of the world's smartest capitals. I would suggest that he be prepared for formal affairs.

So neither you nor Ted will need any new clothes for the convention—just the things you wear at home during a gay autumn or spring, full of dinner parties and dances! You'll not even need a new summer bonnet. So comfortable is a felt hat in this particular climate that you see few straws.

Now you see? The money you thought you'd have to spend on new summer clothes is all saved. You can invest it in a pic-

Photo: Nesmith



Smiling girls, heaps of flowers . . . no visitor to Mexico's capital fails to carry away a vivid memory of them . . . or of the Paseo de la Reforma and



Photos: (center) D. D. DeCatur; (below) J. Sawders



its magnificent Independence Column . . . Picturesque serapes, woven with infinite patience and skill, jewelry, glassware, hand-tooled leather goods,

turesque *china poblana* costume for yourself. And Ted would look dashing in a *charro* outfit at some Rotary costume party in the fall.

Now let's "begin at the beginning," as you requested.

If you go in one of the special trains, your conductor will arrange for the required group tourist card, listing all names. But if by any chance you and Ted are not able to join such a party, each of you must have a tourist card, which serves U. S. citizens as a passport for a six-month period. It is obtainable at any Mexican consular office and costs one dollar. And if—perish the thought—something happens at the last minute and Ted has to forego the trip, you'll have to have his permission to enter Mexico. A customs regulation forbids lone women entering the country without the written permission of their nearest male relative!

GOING abroad over a bridge has its advantages. For one thing, there's no danger of sea-sickness. And you go through the customs pleasantly seated in your Pullman. The courteous Mexican authorities come aboard as you near the border. You'll have your bags open, of course, for their inspection. If you've ignored my advice and brought along a lot of clothes in a trunk, you'll have to get off at the customs sheds on the Mexican side and hire a *cargador* (a *peso* is sufficient tip for a trunk—half that for bags) to haul it over to the inspectors.

You are permitted to take in with you all the clothes and toilet articles any civilized person requires. Also your camera—

for those off-the-beaten-trail pictures. Realizing that Americans may not care for Mexican tobacco, officials courteously allow a traveller to bring in forty packages of cigarettes, or cigars in limited number. Personally, not liking strong cigarettes, I take my own. But Mexican cigars are one of Bill's big passions in life, so he compromises by substituting a can of his favorite pipe tobacco, when we go in.

WHILE on the subject of customs, I'm going to leap ahead of my story and talk about Uncle Sam's lads, when you come out of Mexico. Like all Gaul of our high school Latin, the customs inspection on the north bank of the Rio Grande is divided into three parts. You run the gauntlet of Public Health Service, Department of Agriculture, and then the group generally thought of as customs men.

If your vaccination scar doesn't show up well, it's best to be vaccinated again or have a physician's certificate proving it was done recently. Then your troubles are over with medical officers of the United States Public Health Service.

The inspector representing the Department of Agriculture will break your heart, if you've succumbed to your gardening impulses and are trying to take home seeds or bulbs of some of the native flowers or possibly some of the divine mangoes or other fruits of the tropics. For you can *not* bring back to the United States any seeds, fruits, or flowers. So, just eat your oranges, little purple aguacates and mangoes. Else they'll surely be confiscated.

You and Ted are *each* allowed to bring back souvenirs and personal be-

Photo:
Hugo Brehme



"China Poblana"

longings to the value of \$100, duty free. And you'll discover that our own boys of the customs service are as kindly and courteous as were our Mexican neighbors, if you'll freely throw open every bag and show your willingness to facilitate their inspection. They prefer that you keep all your Mexican purchases in one spot. And you're a better man than I am, Gungha Din, if you fail to come back looking like a steerage immigrant!

You'll love the bright Mexican baskets. Which is well. Seasoned travellers acquire several and fill them with their treasures. In that way, if you don't mind being crowded a trifle in your Pullman, you can even cart away some of the beautiful pottery with little fear of breakage. And it does simplify inspection when you are going home to have all purchases stowed away in

Photos: (below and center) James Sawders



and pottery constantly pique the souvenir-searcher . . . Fine motor roads lead from Mexico City to villages that speak eloquently of Spanish days.



Off the beaten tracks, such scenes as this . . . an islet of harmony entirely surrounded by a sea of sombreros shading dusky, interested faces.

Photo: Nesmith

baskets that customs officials can get at easily.

I mention baskets in the plural, for it will be almost impossible to get out of Mexico without several, each of them full. Don't forget to buy the *mantilla* and fan you've always wanted to have for fancy balls. And gorgeous *serapes*, the exquisite hand-work on linens and leather, the silver jewelry richly encrusted with turquoise or studded with fire opals (every article the loving work of an artist) will stir your acquisitive instinct into feverish forgetfulness of your budget, if you don't watch out. And the French perfumes, my child, *oo la la!* But let me warn you right here and now that you'll pay duty on said perfumes, unless you open them or remove the label before crossing the Rio Grande.

Which reminds me, if you happen to wear that darling old amethyst and pearl ring which your Aunt Emily willed you, and you decide to take along your "rabbit" as you inelegantly term your sealskin, get the customs man in your federal building to give you a permit. Or arrange to register them at our customs house before you cross the international bridge—else you may find yourself being asked to

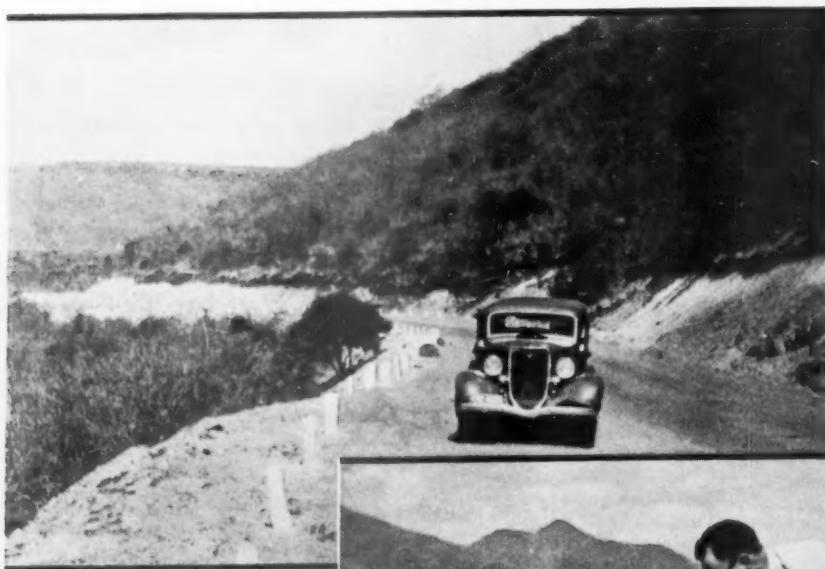
pay duty on your own belongings when you are homeward bound.

And here are a few special "don'ts" from customs regulations. Don't bring back articles made from a cow's horn in the shape of a bird, nor articles with slide or zipper fasteners, or articles containing wild bird feathers, nor lottery matter, nor copyrighted books (except one copy for personal use). If your state is "wet," you can take home one quart of liquor duty free—if you want to.

YOU mention that Sue and Bert are dallying with the idea of making it a foursome, if Bert can get away from the bank in June. (Do discourage their driving. The road, according to latest word, is not finished.) I think I know our Sue—she will go quite mad over the antique jewelry and Bert is certain to yield to the satin blandishment of the wonderful old silver. If they do—stand over them like a guardian angel and see that they acquire a receipt for each purchase, for the customs inspection.

You see, our dollars are worth so much in Mexico now that those two young plutocrats may find that their purchases far exceed the \$100 duty-free limit which each is allowed. As I write, the peso is worth about twenty-eight cents. Roughly, one of our dollars buys three and one-half pesos. Which makes living costs and gifts acquired come very low in terms of our money.

Speaking of pesos, change only enough dollars at the border to tide you over the small expenses. Once in the City, [Continued on page 55]



Upwards of ten thousand men are at work on the road from Texas to Mexico City. Completed sections look like this.

BUT many miles in the mountains remain to be built. Here is the sort of road encountered by an inspection party recently. When the road is finished, it will offer rare scenery—BUT driving to the convention is definitely discouraged.



Let's Look Ahead

By Hart I. Seely

IN THE days when horses provided us a means of transportation, watering troughs were as essential along the roadside as filling stations are today. In what was thought to be an act of service for all time a fund was created for the maintenance of watering troughs throughout the state of New York. But alas! —the day of horse-drawn carriages passed and the fund became useless.

Benjamin Franklin served an apprenticeship, as did his forefathers, and, as he thought, so would those who followed after him. With a desire to help young men learn a trade, he created an endowment for the assistance of worthy apprentices. Even the visionary Franklin did not foresee the rather near day when the apprentice system was to wane and vanish.

What of tomorrow?

Many persons have faced this question and hundreds of millions of dollars have been set aside that certain of "life's needs" may be secured. Are these more watering troughs and more apprentice scholarships? Is it unthinkable that within a comparatively short time tuberculosis will be controlled, or that even such a needy cause as that of crippled children will some day require no further support?

How then can we of today effectively provide for tomorrow and serve generation after generation?

The ideal of service can be made a more vital force in the daily life experiences of all peoples. On that foundation, many worth while things can be done. Through directed research, human suffering from sickness and affliction can be lessened; nationalism can be leavened into internationalism; business and professional practices can be interpreted, formulated, and guided for the betterment of all peoples; and the paramount importance of an intelligent and concerted



effort in meeting the needs of youth can be given active interest and support.

The Rotary Foundation provides an opportunity for the realization of such objectives. Its purposes are:

To intensify and perpetuate the influence of Rotary to the world; to actually promote understanding and goodwill in ways that will be proper and feasible; and, to bring into operation various suggested plans for communicating the ideal of service to the peoples of all lands and all classes of humanity.

The endowment fund of the Rotary Foundation will never become useless nor obsolete. Its opportunities for service will ever be increasing as long as humanity exists.

The degree to which these principles can be extended and these needs fulfilled is directly dependent upon the amount of the voluntary contributions we make. For less than three cents a day for ten years—the cost of a daily newspaper—we can pledge our support to these ideals for all time.

Can we afford not to create this survival value in Rotary? For three cents a day dare we delay in starting the movement that will secure for future generations the bonds of brotherhood and service and understanding uniting all people?

Club presidents and secretaries in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Cuba, and Mexico have pledge forms and information about the Foundation. Pledge forms and further information may be obtained by addressing the Rotary Foundation, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.



The ROTARIAN

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Editorial Comment

Don't Go By Motor

TO ALL who inquire at the Secretariat of Rotary International about the advisability of driving from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City, for the convention, June 17-21, one answer is being given: *Don't*. For this, there are good reasons.

Ten thousand men are now hard at work on the highway between Monterrey and Mexico City, but it is hardly possible for them to build the permanent bridges, to construct and grade the road through the mountains, to install guard rails at curves, and to pave the uncompleted sections before June. That statement is based on personal observation by the editor of THE ROTARIAN, who was privileged to make an inspection tour recently, as well as on the advices of engineers and others in authority.

As this is written, the mountainous sector of the road has been closed to traffic. It probably will be opened to permit some travel this summer, but motorists will face the hazards of a winding mountain road, with thousand or more foot drops at the side, possible fog—for June marks the beginning of the rainy season, and limited housing and garage facilities en route. Anyone embarking upon the adventure should take bottled water, some canned food, and folding cots. Even though caterpillar tractors were stationed at strategic points, as is contemplated, the possibility would remain of a convention trip marred by discomfort, perhaps disaster.

One car of convention-goers slipping off a high embankment not only would be a tragedy for those in the party and their families, but would cast gloom over the convention. Too, it would mean publicity which would set back the work of those who, in building the highway, hope to make it a means for promoting goodwill and understanding between the people of Mexico and the United States.

"Our situation," as one prominent Mexican put it,

"is like that of a newly married couple who have just moved into a house. The furniture hasn't arrived, rugs aren't on the floor, curtains haven't been hung—and suddenly in troop friends and relatives. They are welcome, yes, but it would have been better if the visitors had waited until the house was ready. So it is with us and our road."

Some day, perhaps next year, the highway will be completed and ready for as many motorists as care to use it. Accommodations en route will be improved and increased. Then the vacationing motorist and his family will be able to roll down to Mexico with the greatest of ease over a highway that deservedly will rank as one of the finest, most scenic in the world. But as for this June—*Driving is discouraged*.

Courtesy for the Trouper

"AND so we have him over today, thanks to our Henry and his theater. He will give us a *little* act."

Who hasn't heard such an introduction for an actor, a magician, a dancer, a singer, who is "on a luncheon program"—but without benefit of pay? And who, upon a moment's reflection, would blame the performer for a moment of resentment at having his contribution disparaged as *little*?

Probably he has served a long apprenticeship in mastering his art. Now it is his livelihood. He sells it. He expects men who preach "dignifying one's vocation" to respect his—and to accord him the elemental courtesy of which Emerson once wrote: "We should be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture which we are willing to give the advantage of the best light."

It is surprising to those who don't know the psychology of the trouper, how quickly he will respond to a thoughtfully appreciative "build up" from the chairman. Treated as an artist, he will do his best to respond as an artist. An audience that applauds

THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster:

(1) The ideal of Service as the basis of all worthy enterprise.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions.

(3) The application of the ideal of Service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for Service.

(5) The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(6) The advancement of understanding, goodwill, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of Service.

generously—and remains seated for the performance—helps mightily. Then a sincere "thank you" from the chairman and a few other individuals (and a note the next day) creates a warm spot in the man's heart for the club that will long be remembered.

Inland International Service

WHAT'S behind the news? Headlines, in letters as tall as those which tell of bank robberies, movie divorces, and freak calves, announce that an "arms race" is on, that the "powder keg" again awaits "the spark" that will plunge the civilized world into a war that will mean its "suicide."

What do such words actually mean? Whither is the world going and why? And what can be done about it by citizens a thousand miles from a frontier?

Rotarians at Nashville, Tennessee, decided a year ago that they would try to answer those questions. They selected a place and a time for interested citizens to listen to lectures and to discuss the international problems that make news headlines. They named their project the Institute of International Relations of Nashville. A thousand people participated in its sessions.

This year, the Institute is expected to draw double that number. Coming shortly after the annual convention of Rotary International, it will have several speakers who will detour from Mexico City to Nashville, as well as an imposing list recruited elsewhere. Already, its success as a venture in teaching men and women to think internationally and understandingly seems assured.

Nashville's experience points the way for other Rotary clubs. Nashville hopes the institute idea will be taken up by other Rotary clubs, especially those in college towns. It believes that a chain of institutes, intelligently organized and directed, could do much to awaken the individual to responsibility to bring about goodwill among nations through understanding.

Letters Across the Sea

ROTARY'S Sixth Object is its newest and, it is often said, the hardest to realize. But Rotary clubs around the world have been quick to catch its significance of International Service, and in divers ways are adapting the idea to local conditions and opportunities.

Not every club, of course, can have an institute of international relations, but there are few that could not successfully encourage correspondence of local

school children with those in other lands. Such a project has worked especially well in the city of Winfield, Kansas.

Here the 1,200 pupils of the high school are divided, for administrative purposes, into thirty-five "home room" groups. This year, through the co-operation of the Rotary club, and Dr. Sven V. Knudsen, of Boston, Massachusetts, it has been made possible for them to make contact with students in other lands. The local club stands the expense of obtaining the names, postage, and other incidentals, for the underprivileged children who participate so that all may share the opportunity.

Winfield has studiously avoided one pitfall into which such projects frequently stumble—pointless and purposeless letters. The young writers are supplied with mimeographed sheets suggesting subjects about which new friends in other lands would like to learn. Under such items as home and family, hobbies, school, community, holiday, and vacation activities are listed specific topics, some of which are certain to set off a rocket of interest.

One measurable result of the project is that nearly 400 Winfield youths are today learning to know how boys and girls of their ages live, and what they think about, in thirty-one foreign countries!

On 'Old Rotary Customs'

ROTARY is not old. Beside the British Empire it is a thing born yesterday. Yet already there is in Rotary a growing body of custom that ranges from group singing, deeply entrenched in America, to the more universal wearing of the cogged wheel emblem.

It was Rousseau, more than a century ago, who railed at this human tendency to crystallize form into convention, then to preserve it. Man, he held, is born free but is soon enchain'd by custom. Probably he would have found much to criticize in the article by Sir Herbert Samuel, in this issue. Sir Herbert, however, makes out a very good case for British traditionalism, and his points might with equal validity be applied to "old Rotary customs."

British parliamentary usages, he declares, "link our times with the centuries that are gone," make for prestige, and create a unifying element in the widespread Empire. So far as "they are not harmful nor hampering," he holds, they are a good thing.

Rotary, too, girdles the globe. It has similar need of the habiliments of prestige and dignity, such as international conventions supply. It also can benefit from a body of custom, as well as ideas, which give it a unity, a coherence, and an emphasis.

New Fields for Teachers

By Walter B. Pitkin

WHENCE and how can able, well-trained young people find jobs which lead to careers? Not mere bread-and-butter jobs, but rather the *chance of a lifetime?*

We now open this clearing house for gathering facts and opinions that throw light on these vital questions. And we hope every reader will send in whatever he may know about trends and conditions which may open up new opportunities or close old ones.

A trickle of news has begun. Much of it deals with a problem which scores of young men and women have raised in letters to me: *Is college training worth the time and money it costs?*

I shall return often to this puzzle. It cannot be solved with a phrase or two, for it has almost as many forms as there are people.

This much can be said positively. If you have the ability and the determination to enter a profession, and if you can raise the money to go through the gruelling drill of years, then you *must* go to college—and later to professional school. Why?

Because the standards of all professions are rising. The old-style correspondence school lawyer and the self-educated architect are passing. So are the half-trained physician and the hill-billy school teacher. People need and demand the best services.

Then too, professional societies now realize that they must limit the number of graduates from professional schools, insisting on quality rather than on quantity. Excessive competition is deadly.

Let's glance at the profession which always has offered and undoubtedly always will offer the largest number of openings. I refer to teaching. Obviously, whoever wishes to succeed as a high school or college teacher during the next generation *must* go to college. So, too, must every aspirant to the higher posts of school administration such as principals. Without a college degree, backed up by a pretty good record, you wouldn't even be considered: your application might not even be filed, except in somebody's waste basket.

But what if you do go to college and fit yourself for teaching? How good are the opportunities in this profession? My answer today differs greatly from what

This article launches a series on "Careers for Youth" by the author of "Life Begins at Forty" and other helpful books. With your aid, he will make it a clearing house for information on new vocational opportunities.

it would have been four years ago. Now it is much more hopeful, and for good reasons, too. From many parts of the country, people write to me about positions for which they cannot find satisfactory teachers. And, let it be noted, the signs point to an increasing shortage in many special fields.

One university director of appointments reports that the Midwestern United States seeks many teachers of home economics, shop work, commercial subjects, kindergarten work, and chemistry. One of the best departments of industrial arts sends word that it cannot find teachers enough for its own staff, let alone for other institutions which seek them. Four years ago it had 150 students. Now it has 250. There is neither classroom space nor faculty adequate to handle the horde. To make matters worse, there is a shortage of good teachers in printing, in metal work, in woodworking and in automobile repairing.

I suppose there will always be plenty of room near the top for people who combine artistic sense with teaching skill. This is by no means a common blend. Proof is to be found in the well-known chronic shortage of good English teachers. Not a high school, not a college is satisfied with its teaching of our mother tongue. Most people who

go in for English teaching can scarcely pen a fluent letter, let alone an article fit for publication. So, in a peculiar sense, you may look upon the teaching of any art, from that of writing to that of designing an automobile headlight, as a first-class opportunity—but only for first-class people.

THREE will be thousands of excellent openings for competent teachers of social science. Today an amazing situation confronts our schools. The entire structure of Western society has been transformed during the past ten years, and every book written before 1930 dealing with that subject sounds a thousand years old. We have no accurate texts on it for high schools and colleges today, and we are not likely to have them for some years to come. Everything is changing too fast. This limits the immediate opportunity, but it enlarges the future.

At least nine million pupils in American public schools, for example, are mature enough to study some phase of social science. Were we to employ only one teacher for every hundred pupils, we would create opportunities for ninety thousand high-grade young men and women. For only the highest types can qualify. Social science is a difficult field to master. A mediocre mind should keep



Tradition favors the woman teacher.



out of it. So, too, should everybody who lacks interest in it—as, alas, so many of the present social science teachers with whom I have talked do, by their own confessions.

My advice to anybody who wishes to enter this new field is short and brutal: learn everything you can about your country first, and do not be hedged about by classroom ideas and readings. No American school is yet teaching the New America. It lacks teachers. So you must be your own teacher, at least for a few more years. If you have the nerve to tackle the job, we may be able to suggest lines of study somewhat later.

The pioneering mind with a bent toward teaching may look with profit toward two vast unexplored domains, adult education and radio education. Probably I shall devote a whole page later to radio education, which has puzzled everybody and been solved by nobody. The best informed men in radio tell me that whoever experiments in this field and finds new ways of teaching in it will render a great public service. But what must be done is not clear; so let us pass it up for the moment.

HOW about adult education?*

It is still in a muddle. And this fact favors the enterprising and the ingenious young person seeking for a fresh career. At least three grave mistakes have been made by the first comers: they have tried to feed grown-ups on the standard fodder of the high school and college classroom, all of which has been devel-

oped to fit young minds; then they have overplayed the so-called cultural courses, most of which are pseudo culture such as French conversation, the history of Italian art, and other empty, if not downright silly subjects; and finally, they have gone to the other extreme and overplayed bread-and-butter courses such as stenography and typewriting.

It is already clear that these methods and subjects scarcely graze the mass of intelligent grown-ups who seek something to stir their minds and lead them on to pleasant activities. So opportunity knocks on the door of the aspiring young teacher.

Slowly but steadily jobs are opening up in this field. Not highly attractive, to be sure; but full of promise for the able and ambitious teacher who looks far ahead. It is my best guess that, by 1940, there will be at least 150,000 positions either filled or open. Will you be able to handle one of them? If so, a genuine career will be yours.

A controversy might be stirred up over the chances of men in the teaching profession. Tradition gives the advantage to women. Constructive thought demands a better balance between men and women. Schools are over-feminized according to many critics. They need masculine influence sorely. So much for the argument. What of the demonstrable chances for men? They are not improving so far as I have been able to learn. But I think we need much more evidence on this point. So if you have any new information, please send it along.

The high school is the greatest opportunity for superior teachers. It continues

New opportunities are at the door.

to grow and to demand more and more instructors. After the present crisis passes we may be sure that older teachers will be rapidly replaced by younger and better trained people. Useless old subjects will be dropped. So the opportunity will be brightest for the specialist in live, practical matters.

Broadly speaking, there will be no genuine opportunity in teaching foreign languages or "appreciation of art" (which will be taken over by the radio); but there will be many a fine career for the teacher who deals with something alive and important.

Let me warn you against an easy mistake. You may pooh-pooh the idea of a career in teaching. You may inform me that many young teachers today are earning only \$600 to \$800 a year. You may know that most of them have to live with their parents in order to make ends meet. You may even have heard that barely half of all the young teachers, now holding certificates, have been able to find school jobs. How foolish, then, to spend four years and hundreds of dollars going to college and then to normal school, just to end up in work that pays no better than unskilled labor!

YOU confuse today with tomorrow. If these young teachers were not headed for something better I'd agree with you. But I feel pretty sure that those who are specializing in useful subjects and are competent in these will rise in due time to decent livelihoods. Our schools are passing through an ordeal of fire. Soon they will emerge, considerably purged.

Now, to make this little clearing house as useful as possible, won't you readers please send in information from your city on the following questions?

1. Are there definite opportunities for any kind of teacher in the schools of your town?
2. In what fields do these opportunities, if any, lie?
3. What changes, if any, are likely soon to occur in your school system?
4. How are these likely to affect opportunities for teachers?

Now it's up to you! If you'll send in items, we shall go into more detail on teaching careers in a later issue. If you send in nothing, we shall pass on to other fields, first considering the more important professions, such as medicine, law, engineering, and architecture.

Perhaps some readers can contribute to these later discussions. If so, please send us your findings *now*.

*For an account of a trail-breaking experiment in adult education, see page 30. Other references on page 70.

Views on the Gold Standard

Comment from readers on last month's symposium by Dr. F. H. Fentener van Vlissingen, Major C. H. Douglas, and Dr. E. W. Kemmerer.

Gold Standard Bars Recovery

The gold standard in finance, like the ox-cart in transportation, has served a useful and acceptable purpose in the world of yesterday. Both are inadequate in the world of today.

Imagine the absurdity of the Canadian people, through their governments, federal, provincial, and municipal, and their corporations, undertaking to pay between nine and ten thousand millions of dollars in gold of a certain fineness and weight and with only slightly over one hundred millions of dollars in gold, of the stated weight and fineness, with which to make the payment. Canada's total debt comes dangerously near the total world supply of gold.

To my mind, the world problem can be stated in four words: lack of proper distribution. Science has solved the problem of production; there is no longer fear that the world's population, for many years to come, cannot be fed and clothed. Science has also solved the problems of transportation and communication.

The most needful problem in the world unsolved today is that of distribution. The gold standard, to my mind, is standing in the way, more than any other factor, of the building of the bridge of distribution which is needed to bring producer and consumer together.

How long will intelligent people stand idly by and watch men, women, and children starve in a world of plenty for what we call "sound money" based on a standard of gold?

JOSEPH NEWTON HARVEY, *Rotarian*
Classification: Financial Agent

Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

Won't Stay 'Killed'

. . . The gold standard has been "killed" several times in history, or at any rate superseded! As long ago as 1890, Edouard Suess, of Vienna, pronounced its demise in his monograph *The Future of Silver*. But it will not stay dead, and, as Professor Kemmerer says, will continue in some form, in spite of the false theories and bad policies of some governments, including our own. Belief in a continuously steady price level has become a kind of fetish worship without a solid logical foundation.

DAVID KINLEY, *Rotarian*
Past President, University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

Agrees With Kemmerer

I have read the series carefully, and regard Doctor Kemmerer's contribution as a very fine statement of the fundamentals. . . .

Students of monetary science, generally speaking, do not regard the gold standard as a *sine qua non*, but they do consider it as the best, indeed the only standard yet evolved that has stood the test of time for all purposes in domestic and foreign trade. And, until something as good or better is available for use, to scrap it would be as foolish as it would be for a group of castaways to scuttle their only boat in mid-ocean merely because it leaks. . . .

Granted a high order of intelligence among all peoples of the world with general unanimity of purpose and ideals, most any standard would be effective. General acceptance and adherence to it would make it so. But in the absence of these factors, and dealing with conditions as

they exist, such plans as Major Douglas' social credit; Doctor Fisher's "rubber dollar," and others, must remain as they are, theories impossible of practicable operation.

Every nation desires to either remain on or return to the gold standard, and no country has ever voluntarily left it except the United States, which bears a grave responsibility for that act. Results from it may yet damage us far beyond the temporary benefits gained.

LEE S. TRIMBLE, *Rotarian*
Georgia Railroad Bank & Trust Co.
Augusta, Ga.

A Measure Needed

In regard to gold standard, I believe that it is absolutely necessary that we return to the gold standard at once if we are to have recovery in any true sense of the word.

We must have a *measure* that is the same every day in the year, and year by year. In financial matters things are no better and perhaps worse than they were six months ago. Government officials just do not know what is going on or they will not believe what they see and hear.

C. H. YOUNG, *Rotarian*
Sec., People's Bldg., Loan & Savings Co.
Lebanon, Ohio.

Why the Economic Chaos

The articles on the gold standard (April symposium) were very interesting. I think it is one of the very useful services that an organization such as yours performs in bringing this kind of information to your readers.

We have the present predicament, the present threat of inflation, and the present chaos because so many business men have not taken any responsibility for maintaining sound fundamental institutions such as money, credit, health, education, and the like. If business men in general understood that there is no such thing as individual security without general security in society, and would recognize these fundamentals as their job as much as that of maintaining the accounts of their own business, the present \$100,000,000,000 loss due to devaluation would not have occurred.

IVAN WRIGHT
Professor of Economics, University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

Governments to Blame

To me the matter boils down to the absolute necessity of finding some way of permitting goods to flow freely from producers to consumers. How can it be done?

By barter? That is obviously impossible under modern conditions where men are only cogs in an intricate production machine. It follows that a standard of value is a prime necessity.

Now trade is of two main kinds, internal and external.

For internal trade, a standard of value is really only necessary to permit the free exchange of goods, and various aids in making these exchanges, such as currency, bank accounts, *et cetera*, must have a common value based on something reasonably stable—not of necessity secured by this something but bearing a steady relationship in exchange value to it. So long as there is no inflation of currency beyond the

ordinary everyday needs of the nation and so long as this currency freely and automatically expands and contracts with the volume of trade, then it need only have that steady relationship of value to the chosen "standard of value" to be effective.

For external trade, a stable "standard of value" is also necessary but in addition it must be a substance that can be easily handled to be shipped from one country to another to pay for the difference between sales and purchases. . . .

Many things have been used from the earliest times as a standard but the most successful one, the one used when civilization made its greatest progress and reached its highest standard of living, is gold.

The worldwide depression has led many into the error of blaming finance and the gold standard for our troubles, but the real cause is international government borrowings for war and other purposes and the interference of governments in the free international exchange of goods and services by use of high tariffs, quotas, bonuses, and currency manipulations.

Bear in mind that loans are loans of goods, not money, and can only be paid for in goods and/or services, and loans such as those incurred for the war cannot be paid back by any substance used as a standard of value.

Governments have, however, left no alternative but payment in gold or repudiation. The attempts to pay in gold or to surmount tariffs by depreciating currency have thrown most nations off the gold standard . . . leaving the world without any international stable yardstick.

The remedy is not to permanently desert the gold standard, which has served so well, but cancellation of war debts and the removal of the governmental restrictions to the free exchange of goods by international conferences and the agreeing of all nations on the basis of stabilization of their various currencies in relation to gold. . . .

There is no alternative save acute nationalism with consequent lowering of the standards of living and deprivation in the midst of plenty.

R. L. CURPHEY, *Rotarian*
The Bank of Montreal
Hull, Que., Canada.

Return to Gold Coming

. . . My humble opinion is that the gold standard will come back in a modified form. Probably it will be on the basis of fifty per cent less gold in the standard than there was before, and this standard will be agreed to by the various nations just as soon as the United States and the Gold Bloc have completed their devaluations. As soon as this has been definitely known, I believe a round table conference will be called at which the nations will agree to a new gold standard. Then the world's trade will resume, and tariffs as they exist at present will be more or less done away with.

A. E. JUKES, *Rotarian*
Pres., A. E. Jukes & Co., Ltd. (brokers)
Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Why Foreign Trade Was Lost

Briefly, I believe that sticking to the gold standard as long as we did, lost us a lot of our foreign trade. With so many other countries off the gold standard getting the trade of the silver countries, we just about had to go off gold. Whether and when we should go back on the gold standard, events of the future will have to determine.

GEORGE E. CALVERT, *Rotarian*
Calvert & Canfield (Municipal Bonds)
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Rotary Hourglass

FROM AUSTRALIA. Thomas Armstrong, of Newcastle, N.S.W., Australia, governor of the Seventy-sixth District of Rotary International, has been elected to the Legislative Council, according to a press dispatch from Sydney . . . Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, V.C., new governor of New South Wales, recently was an honored guest at the Rotary Club of Maitland.

* * *

President. E. Ray Cory, who has been secretary of the Rotary Club of Austin, Minn., continuously since 1920, has been elected president of the Minnesota State Automobile Association.

* * *

Play Skeet? Is skeet played by Rotarians? A Rotarian wants to know if he has any fellow skeeters 'round the world.

* * *

Welcome! To these new clubs, a hearty greeting: Flin Flon, Man., Canada; Jaboticabal, Brazil; Pisco, Peru; Amherst, Nova Scotia, Canada; Halmstad, Sweden; Caldwell, Tex., U.S.A.; Thirsk, England; Bangor, Northern Ireland; Vassar, Mich., U.S.A.; Sevilla, Colombia; Louvain, Belgium; Cranston, R. I., U.S.A.; Highlands, Va., U.S.A.; Essendon, Australia; Milan, Mich., U.S.A.; Söderhamn, Sweden; St. Anthony, Ida., U.S.A.

Haugesund, Norway; Lund, Sweden; Elizabethtown, Ky., U.S.A.; Lowell, Mich., U.S.A.; Antilla, Cuba; Jaffa-Tel-Aviv, Palestine; Rolla, Mo., U.S.A.; Stowe, Vt., U.S.A.; Florida, Cuba; Farmington, Ill., U.S.A.; Arecibo, Puerto Rico; Spring Valley, N. Y., U.S.A.

* * *

Yugoslavian Pompeii. A beam of light is being thrown on ancient Roman and Jewish history by excavations at Stobi, Yugoslavia, under the direction of Dr. Vlada R. Petkovic,

(left) professor at Belgrade University and president of the Rotary Club of Belgrade. The site already explored covers some 2,000 square meters, and in-

cludes ruins of many rooms and halls. Inscriptions in a mosaic read: Rufinos, Peristeria, Prozasis, Perpetua, Joennes, Elpedis, Aurelianios, Peristeria. They are believed to be names of four couples probably belonging to a Jewish family. Previously deciphered inscriptions refer to a synagogue and a Jewish congregation, indicating that a strong Jewish colony lived in Stobi.

Rotarians in Yugoslavian cabinet: Stevan Cacic (education); Velimir Popovic (interior); Milan Stojadinovic (finance); and Svetislav Popovic (mining and forestry).

An earthquake, apparently, devastated Stobi, and it is presumed that it was one of those recorded in history that took place in this region between 528 and 538, which completely destroyed twelve towns. The Rotary Club of Skopje enjoyed an excursion to Stobi several months ago, Dr. Petkovic personally conducting them over the site.

* * *

Regional Conferences. The recent Pacific Rotary Conference in Manila is the fifth held since 1926 . . . The third Rotary Regional conference for clubs in Europe, Africa, and Asia Minor will be held September 16-18 at Venice, Italy . . . The first such gathering for clubs in South America will be convened January 10, 1936, at Valparaiso, Chile. All Rotarians will be welcome.

* * *

Mmmm. From Ramon Urzua R., president of the Rotary Club of Guadalajara, Mexico, comes an invitation for conventioning Rotarians to visit Guadalajara, "the city with the climate Los Angeles thinks it has." (Whoops! Hope this causes no quake in California!—M.-W.-Sctchpd.)

* * *

"Bob" Is Home. That is, he was supposed to be on April 25—the "Bob" of course being Robert L. Hill, president of Rotary International,



and "home" the U.S.A., wherein he domiciles at Columbia, which is in Missouri. He and Mrs. Hill girdled the globe, attending the Rotary Pacific Conference at Manila, visiting numerous Rotary clubs . . . Founder Paul Harris and Mrs. Harris, who took part of the journey with them, are, according to latest word, in New Zealand.

* * *

Rotarian Mayor. The mayor of Rochester, England, is William Langley, first Rotarian to hold that position in that city.

* * *

Board Nominees. In accordance with the by-laws of Rotary International, the Board of Directors has nominated the following (director nominees outside United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain and Ireland) to be elected at the next convention:

José R. Carles, Barcelona, Spain; Manuel Gaete Fagalde, Santiago, Chile; Henry James Guthrie, Dunedin, New Zealand; P. A. Kruuse, Odense, Denmark; Kenneth J. Young, Capetown, Union of South Africa.

* * *

They Travel! Recently these columns told of Past District Governor Harry Cummins, of Hobart, Tasmania, who travelled some 7,000 miles to visit his clubs. This leads Field Representative James H. Roth to note, writing from Rio Preto, Brazil, the following record of Past District Governor Lauro Borba, of Recife, Brazil, to wit:

| | |
|---------------|--------------|
| By airplane | 4,698 miles |
| By steamer | 2,618 miles |
| By railroad | 2,741 miles |
| By automobile | 628 miles |
| Total | 10,685 miles |

And Jose Carlos de Moraes Sarmento, Juiz de Fora, Brazil, estimated (in March) that he had travelled some 25,000 miles already as governor of the Seventy-second District. This is understandable when it is realized that clubs in northern Brazil are 3,700 miles from those in the southern part. His trip to the meeting of governors at Santiago, Chile, covered 4,700 miles and consumed twenty-nine days!

Friendly rivalry stirred by the Harry Cummins item also brings to light this: While Fred



Above: Section of richly decorated mosaic at Stobi. Right: Marble head, probably of mythological Orpheus.



Burley, formerly of Sydney, Australia, now of London, England, was governor of District Seventy-six, his special representative for extension, Ted Doran, covered approximately 5,500 miles in the district, to which should be added "a further figure of 1,000 miles for unofficial visits to prospective club centers." It was all done in fifty-five days! The work was instrumental in establishing several clubs. Rotarian Doran has a further claim to a Rotary record: following retirement after long service as a tramway manager, he was made the first past-service Rotarian in Australia.

Strange but True Department. In the Rotary Club of Santos, Brazil, are Rotarians Lincoln and Washington.

Add Young Officers. Once upon a time a whisper was whispered to the effect that Rotary is becoming "an old man's club." Judging from letters following *Hourglass* mention of young Rotary club officers, that fear may subside.

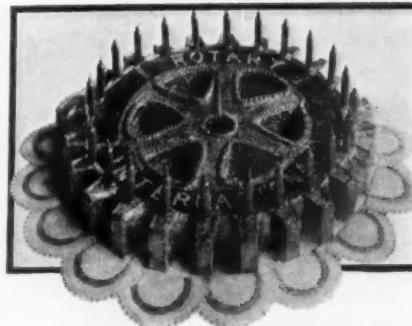
Samples: Oscar O. "Scoot" Suddath, who at twenty-five became president of the Rotary Club of Whitesboro, Tex.; Maurice L. Schellenger, secretary of the Rotary Club of Jackson, Ohio, at twenty-three; Donald Black, of Childress, Tex., who at twenty became an additional active Rotarian, serving as acting secretary under his father, J. S. Black, at twenty-one was elected secretary, and at twenty-two re-elected.

Growing Pains. The problems that are arising as Rotary spreads around the globe and consolidates itself in some eighty countries, are to be discussed in Chicago, May 30 to June 1, by the special commission on Rotary International administration.

White Sticks. From Vice-President J. Beharrell, of the Rotary Club of West Ham, England, a grateful acknowledgment of the recent item in these columns about the effort to provide blind persons with white walking sticks . . . and further evidence that the movement is "taking on" rapidly in England.

Three-Month Record. Eighty-nine out of 156 Rotarians at Tulsa, Okla., maintained a hundred per cent attendance record for three months, and no member dropped below sixty per cent except two who had been granted a leave of absence by the board.

Photo: Heinlehs Studio



This 37½-pound, gold and blue cake, supplied by George E. Pereira, helped New Orleans Rotarians celebrate the club's 25th birthday.

Mme. Galli's. Moving of Mme. Galli's restaurant, in Chicago, to a new location, recalled to veteran Chicago Rotarians a Rotary legend. It is that over a dish of spaghetti in Mme. Galli's Paul Harris emphasized to Silvester Schiele, more than thirty years ago, how that very night they would start the organization the world now knows as Rotary.

Another story of Galli's is that Mme. Galli once said to one of her diners, "Signor Caruso, I'd give the whole world if I could sing like you." The gallant Caruso's fork stopped in mid air. "Madame," he replied, "I would give the whole world if I could cook spaghetti like you!"

Circuit. Remember this?

Are you the chap we read about
Who gets there once in four,
But stays away the other three
And thus keeps down the score?

It was scissored from the *Bulletin* of the Rotary Club of Colombo, Ceylon, and recently published in the *Hourglass*. Well, it and several more stanzas now blossom forth over the initials "J.F.T."—which we suspect stand for Secretary John F. Tremain—in *Capital Cogs* of the Rotary Club of Albany, N. Y., with the note that it can also be found in the *Cogs* for June 22, 1921! Whereupon this requiem, sure to be appreciated by all editors whose eyes these lines catch, is appended:

In far away Colombo
An editor with shears,
Resurrected "Is It You?"
After all these fourteen years.

Barred Reading. "Did you understand that Doc Mengis asks that you save your ROTARIAN magazines after reading, and bring to him so he may give them to 'shut-ins' in jail?"—Rotary Pink Slip, Monroe, La.

Who Wrote It? Rotarian J. C. Dow, of Great Falls, Mont., would like to know who composed the following:

I live . . .
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good I can do.

Knighted. Another name has been added to the list of Rotarians in New Zealand recently knighted—four in all—viz., Sir Robert Anderson, of Invercargill.

Rotarian Robert B. Tubbs and Mrs. Tubbs, of Paterson, N. J., who recently observed their golden wedding anniversary. He has an 11-year perfect Rotary attendance record . . . Are there other Rotarians wedded fifty years?

Going Some! The Rotary Club of Fort Worth, Texas, has led in attendance all clubs in the world of more than 200 members, with very few exceptions, every month for the last five to ten years."

Narrow Escape. Sydney W. Pascall, of London, past president of Rotary International, recently was in an unusual automobile mishap while in Norway on a Rotary mission. A spring broke, and the car slithered to the side of the road and overturned. "We were all in a heap," he says, "with bags and rugs and cushions falling on us, but not a sheet of glass was splintered, not a bruise nor a scratch sustained."



Prince Purachatra

Honorary Commissioner. H. R. H. Prince Purachatra, of Singapore, Straits Settlements, has been appointed honorary commissioner of Rotary International, to assist the Board of Directors in supervising the non-districted clubs in the Malay Peninsula and Siam, and in the organization of additional clubs.

He succeeds Cecil Rae, of Ipoh, Federated Malay States, who has resigned. Prince Purachatra holds the Rotary classification of "advertising—illuminated signs." He is managing director of the Claude Neon Lights Company at Singapore.

Rotary Chivalry. Instances of special courtesies extended travellers in the name of Rotary are numerous, but to Anton Osicka, secretary of the Rotary Club of Prague, Czechoslovakia, we are indebted for this unusual story of service-in-action.

Recently the wife of a Czechoslovakian Rotarian, after a sojourn in Switzerland, was returning by motor to her home. It was late in the day, rain was falling, and when the car suddenly skidded on the wet asphalt, the chauffeur was unable to prevent it from colliding and overturning a horse-drawn coach. No one was injured, but there was property damage—entailing a police investigation.

A gentleman passing by inquired if the lady had friends or relatives in Switzerland. She had none, but mentioned her husband's Rotary membership, whereupon the gentleman phoned to St. Gallen. Soon a Mr. Eberle-Bally, Rotarian and a shoe manufacturer, arrived. Identity being mutually established, Rotarian Eberle-Bally arranged to have the chauffeur and car released, going guaranty with his signature and with actual money.

Meanwhile Mme. Eberle-Bally had arrived and had invited the Czechoslovakian "Rotary Ann" to her home. Though pressure of time prevented acceptance, felicities were started that will certainly lead to a lasting friendship.

"We presume," concludes Secretary Osicka, "that the service of this Rotarian has gone far beyond the limit of his duty; therefore, we wish to call attention to this example of personal confidence and nobleness. Such a deed does an honor to Rotarians—gentlemen, and to the whole Rotary world."

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD.

Rotary Around the World

These brief news notes—gleaned from letters and bulletins—mirror the varied activities of the Rotary movement. Contributions are always welcome.

Austria

Adopt Nearby Village

LINZ—Since the Rotary Club of Linz has adopted the isolated and depression-stricken little village of Unterwald, clothing, baskets of food, shoes, and playthings have poured in from so many sources that a large truck has at times been necessary to transport the gifts. Children of the village, especially, are getting much-needed relief.

Netherlands

Visitors from Other Countries

MAASTRICHT—Rotarians of this club recently were hosts to visitors from the Rotary clubs of Liège, Belgium; and Aachen and Düsseldorf, Germany.

Spain

Contribute to School for Abnormal

MADRID—The sum of 2,000 pesetas was recently donated to the National School for Abnormal Persons by Madrid Rotarians.

Colombia

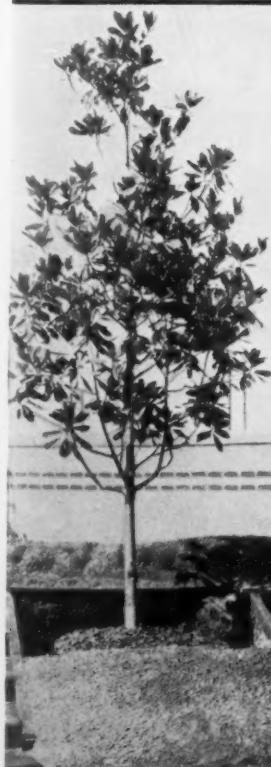
To Improve Roads

HONDA—Due chiefly to the untiring work of the Rotary Clubs of Honda and Manizales, the government of Colombia has appropriated funds for a paved highway to unite these two cities.

Chile

Provide X-Ray Equipment

ANGOL—During the past year Rotarians of Angol have provided sufficient funds for the purchase of X-Ray apparatus for a local hospital.



Portugal

Toys and Clothing

FUNCHAL, MADEIRA—Rotarians of Funchal have distributed clothing and toys to 800 children in various institutions. To give some 3,000 and more visitors from other cities and countries here for a holiday an opportunity to inspect local handicraft, the club also organized an exhibit of local embroidery, lace work, furniture, and rugs.

New Zealand

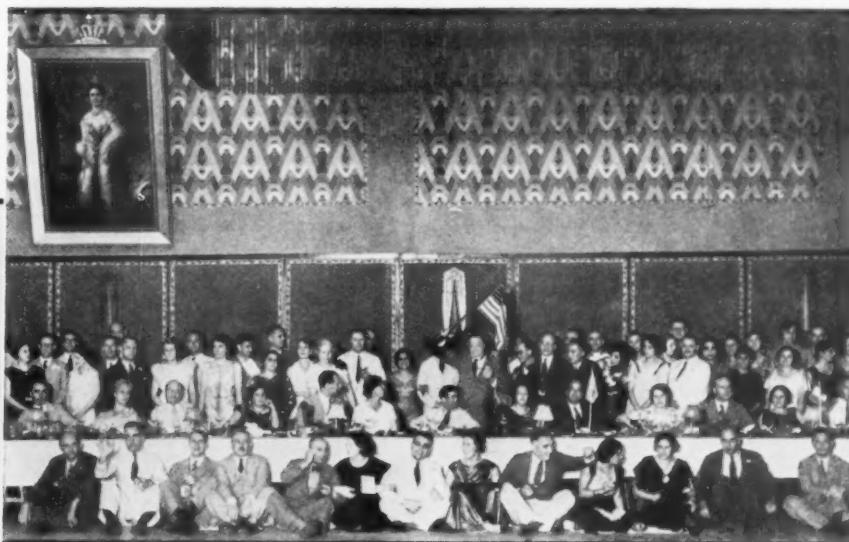
Intercity

Rotarians of Wellington, Blenheim, and Nelson gathered recently for a week-end meeting in Pelorus Sound. After an evening very profitably spent in a discussion of Rotary affairs, the group devoted the rest of the week-end exploring by sea the many miles of the Sounds.

Australia

Craft Training for Youth

ADELAIDE—About two years ago, Adelaide Rotarians first gave consideration to the possibility of encouraging unemployed youth to occupy their time profitably through training in various handicrafts. With the co-operation of state education authorities, various churches, missions, the Boys' Institute, and the Y. M. C. A., facilities have been arranged for forty-two boys. Of this group twenty-two have already found jobs. Within the



last year, a Youth Occupation Council has been formed in Adelaide, with branches in the suburbs and country towns, which has for its purpose educational classes for unemployed boys. Though not initiated by Rotary, the movement has the active support of the Adelaide Rotarians who hope to get some of these boys interested in a full-time vocational training course.

Canada

80 per cent Growth in Year

HUNTSVILLE, ONT.—Organized only a year ago, the Huntsville Rotary Club is with reason proud of its eighty per cent membership increase.

Entertain "Foreign" Born

KAMLOOPS, B. C.—Members of the Rotary Club of Kamloops observed the thirtieth birthday of Rotary with an international meeting. A large number of residents born outside the Dominion of Canada were guests, and as each visitor was introduced a pennant was placed on a wall map indicating the country of his origin.

Gives \$2,000 T-B Laboratory

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Several months ago a physician member of the Vancouver Rotary Club reported that if the proper testing laboratory for tuberculosis were available at a local clinic, the stay of patients would be considerably shortened, and that this type of equipment was not then available in any other hospital in the city. A

President Robert Hill (center at table) and Mrs. Hill, on a round-the-world Rotary trip, were honored with a memorable inter-city meeting at Malang, Java, Netherlands Indies. In Shanghai, China, Founder Paul P. Harris, en route with Mrs. Harris, the Hills, and others to the Pacific Rotary Conference at Manila, planted a tree of friendship in a local park. Left to right: H. E. Arnhold, Mrs. Harris, Paul Harris, Percy Chu, and E. F. Harris.



A nearby CCC camp has proved to be the solution of the meeting place problem of Phelps, Wisconsin, Rotarians, following the burning of their local hotel.

committee of medical men in the Rotary club, after an investigation, reported the need was great. With both the community service and finance committees in agreement, the Vancouver Rotary Club therefore provided the sum of \$2,000 for the purchase of equipment.

Glasses . . . Layettes

LINDSAY, ONT.—Clinics for crippled children and for those with defective eyesight have been held in recent months by the Lindsay Rotary Club. Wives of Lindsay Rotarians, meeting in the homes of members, have made a number of layettes for needy mothers. Because of the need of clothing for children on relief, the group arranged for weekly meetings this past winter, and spent their afternoons sewing and remodelling garments that had been donated.

United States of America

Y. M. Memberships for 36

NORWICH, CONN.—Thirty-six worthy boys between the ages of nine and fourteen have been given membership in the local Y. M. C. A. by the Norwich Rotary Club. The group is divided into two classes with supervisors for swimming, games, and other physical instruction. These meetings were designed as a training school for the boys who came from every section of the city. It is the hope of the Rotary club that this group will have a salutary effect on other boys in their neighborhoods, helping them in playing games, keeping them off the streets, and preventing the destruction of property. Crippled children as well have benefited from the work of the Norwich Rotary Club. A minstrel show in which almost every member took part, netted the sum of \$500 for a fund for cripples.

Contest for Overseas Scholars

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Students in the Commercial High School in Budapest are learning more about economic life in the United States as the result of an essay contest on economic life in this country sponsored by the Pawtucket Rotary Club. The contest is in charge of Rotarian Dr. Stephen Varga, director of the Hungarian Institute for Economic Research, who is providing students with the necessary reference material. Diplomas of merit for the three best essays submitted will be awarded by the Pawtucket Rotary Club.

some special activity and, in addition, paid the cost of a dinner party in the victor's city. Among the 137 Tulsa Rotarians attending was Past International President Harry Rogers. The meeting was distinguished also by two other past international presidents: I. B. ("Tom") Sutton who was the guest speaker, and Everett W. Hill of the Oklahoma City Rotary Club.

\$8,000 for Students

MILTON, PA.—A considerable number of young men and women attending college have been given assistance from a revolving loan fund of \$8,000 established by the Milton Rotary Club.

Exhibit for Employees' Hobbies

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Taking as his pattern successful hobby shows sponsored by the Cincinnati Rotary Club, Rotarian J. S. Sprott, manufacturer of office supplies, recently held a hobby show for his employees. More than 20,000 square feet of floor space were required to house the wide range of hobbies, from sewing, needle work, cakes, candies, taxidermy, every form of woodwork, and painting, to antiques. More than 10,000 employees and their friends viewed the three-day show, which also included an exhibit of the manufacturer's products.

Seek Better Police

LOCK HAVEN, PA.—Various civic organizations have joined with the Lock Haven Rotary Club in an effort to eliminate vice and conditions contributing to crime in their city. An important result of this movement has been the appointment of a Board of Examiners before whom all applicants for the police force, as well as present officers, must appear.

Rotarians of Brisbane, Australia, were hosts to H. R. H. Prince Henry (insert) recently when he spoke to their club.

Photo: (right) Acme



Crutches . . . Scouts . . . Loans

PORTERVILLE, CAL.—Crutches and braces are being furnished for a number of cripples by the Porterville Rotary Club. Rotarians of this city are also sponsoring a Scout troop and are maintaining a student loan fund.

Persian Flag Cheers Visitor

CARNEGIE, PA.—"Tuesday was the first time since I left Persia, six years ago, that I have seen a Persian flag. It made me feel very much at home . . ." This remark of a young man from Persia who, with students from twelve other nations at the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Institute, and Duquesne University, attended a recent dinner of the Carnegie Rotary Club, best characterizes the friendly spirit that prevailed. Speakers of the evening all stressed the importance of exchange students as ambassadors of goodwill.

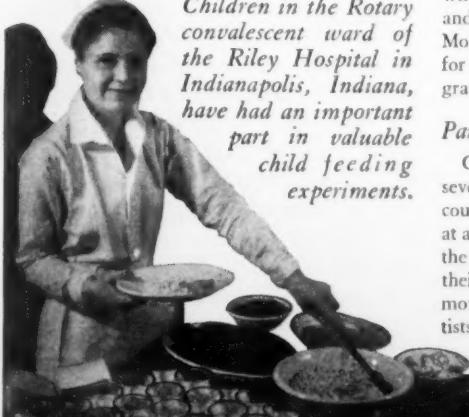
Bus for Camp

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Plans for the Sunshine Camp maintained by the Rochester Rotary Club are greatly facilitated this year, because a member of the club has presented the committee with a fine upholstered Pierce-Arrow passenger bus which will be used to transport children to the camp. Three thousand dollars is the goal of Rochester Rotarians this year in the annual production of the community players which the club sponsors for the benefit of the camp.

Help Rotarians Celebrate

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Members of the local Kiwanis and Co-operative clubs joined with St. Joseph Rotarians in observing the thirtieth anniversary of Rotary. Speakers included men prominent in Boy Scout and welfare activities.

Children in the Rotary convalescent ward of the Riley Hospital in Indianapolis, Indiana, have had an important part in valuable child feeding experiments.



These fine playgrounds—used for baseball and other games in summer and for skating and hockey in winter—made possible by Rotarians of Fort William, Ontario, Canada, are patronized daily by hundreds of children.

Farmers Hear of AAA

OTTAWA, KANS.—Members of the Ottawa Rotary Club recently had as their guests one hundred farmers from their own and neighboring counties. A major part of the meeting was devoted to a discussion of various plans of the present United States Agricultural Adjustment Administration.

Extensive Welfare Program

MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Through its welfare fund the Montclair Rotary Club is providing milk for undernourished children, spectacles for those whose parents cannot purchase them, and lodging and breakfast for transient youths stranded in Montclair. The club is also providing uniforms for student traffic officers and a recreational program for children in a crowded section.

Party for Handicapped Scouts

OMAHA, NEB.—Rotarians of Omaha have for several years paid the dues and otherwise encouraged and supported a fine troop of Boy Scouts at a local school for the deaf and dumb. Each year the Omaha Rotary Club entertains the troop and their companions at a special luncheon where movies are shown, and caricature and other artists entertain. The club is also endeavoring to



obtain a scholarship appointment for the scoutmaster, deeply interested in this work, at an institute which specializes in training normal men and women to be teachers of the deaf.

Safety . . . Ice Fun

SHERIDAN, WYO.—Three safety patrols at local schools were organized and are being maintained by the Sheridan Rotary Club. Rotarians this past winter also purchased an ice planer so that skating rinks could be kept in good condition throughout the season.

Devoted to Boys' Work

RICHMOND, VA.—The Richmond Rotary Club, a recent report shows, has since its organization spent more than \$100,000 on boys' work. Boy Scout troops sponsored by the Richmond Rotary Club have done some outstanding work.

"Round-the-World" Night

TWIN FALLS, IDAHO.—Aboard the *S. S. Fellowship*, Rotarians of Twin Falls and visitors from ten Rotary clubs, were piloted across strange oceans and into distant ports by an able lecturing "skipper," one night recently. At one end of the decorated dining room hung a large map of the world flanked on either side by the flags of all nations. A flashing electric light on the map marked the course and ports . . . when the "tour" stopped at Stavanger, Norway, a message was read from the secretary of the Rotary club, some of its activities were outlined, a generous plate of flatbrot was passed to all guests, and a doll dressed as a Norwegian bride was presented as a favor. As the light beamed for Estonia, a message was read, and baked potatoes, for which the country is famous, were served. A token from Tallinn Rotarians was a pair of beaded gloves. At Denmark, the favor was a bit of Royal Danish porcelain; and for one of the men, a surprise gift of Copenhagen snuff! At Luxemburg, strains from an opera were heard, and the favor drawn was an exquisite pair of kid gloves—from a Rotarian glove manufacturer. From Switzerland, the Bern Rotary Club sent a delicately carved wood tray as a souvenir, and plates of Swiss cheese were served. At Cairo, a mummy was carried in, which, when its wrappings were removed, proved to be a dancer. . . . And so throughout the evening, as each port was reached, appropriate food was served, a message from the Rotary club was delivered, and some lady of Rotary drew a souvenir of the visit to that country.

A City Without a Bogey

[Continued from page 31]

and professional men and women, and afternoon forums for housewives and others who were unable to attend the evening meetings. These meetings were added in an effort to make the forum sessions accessible to every resident of the city.

The forum discussions are conducted in an informal and non-academic atmosphere. They begin at 7:45 p. m. and close at 9:15. Those who attend vary from overall-clad day laborers and their wives to the most fashionable and wealthy of the city's residents. The forums are entirely free and they are not complicated by any kind of registration, textbooks, examinations, or other red tape. Attendance may be casual or regular, and one who misses a meeting in his own neighborhood may attend a discussion of the same subject in some other part of the city the next evening. To make it possible for all Des Moines citizens to attend, noonday forums are held in downtown hotels or restaurants for business and professional men, and afternoon sessions for housewives and others.

The response of Des Moines people to these adult forums has been general and continuous. Although the use of a large number of schools was determined upon partly as a means of keeping the discussion groups small and thus allowing a greater degree of individual expression,

attendance sometimes reaches seven hundred. Total weekly averages hold to about one thousand. Both the size of the audiences and their participation in the discussion have been gratifying to those in charge of the experiment.

In nearly all instances, comments, questions, arguments and the announcements of home-made panaceas for economic and political ills have come spontaneously from the audience, and the discussion has had to be cut off by the leader when the time came for closing. The discussions have shown that the "forgotten man" is intensely interested in finding means to restore the farmer's buying power, to increase employment, to stabilize industry and to make banks safe. No difficulty with professional agitators has been encountered, and there has been no need for bouncers.

THOSE who attend the forums and who wish to investigate further any of the subjects discussed are assisted by means of study outlines which are available for free distribution at each meeting. These folders contain schedules, lecture outlines, questions, and references to books which may be found in the city library.

Commissioner Studebaker looks upon the forums as a valuable means for developing a more intelligent citizenship. "If any people is to achieve successful

group action through democracy," he said not long ago, "it will be necessary to build better machinery than now exists for the rational development of public opinion. The delicate mechanism of social interdependence cannot survive in the midst of a democracy operating through ignorance.

"The large attendance at the forums has indicated a real desire for public discussion. Moreover, the obvious sincerity of those who have come to the meetings, their open-mindedness, the courtesy with which they have expressed and accepted different points of view, and their willingness to promote the thinking of the group are most encouraging evidences of democracy at work."

The five-year experiment in Des Moines not only adds to the usefulness of the city's public school system but also marks an additional step in the movement for adult education in the United States. It had a tardy beginning, despite the fact that the successful functioning of the American form of government depends directly upon the existence of an intelligent and well informed electorate. Adult education, in the more limited sense had its principal origin in Denmark. There the folk high schools, started in 1844, have influenced a third of the adult rural population and have been largely responsible for the common recognition of Denmark as "the most widely cultured nation of Europe."

Now that investigators have disproved the contention of William James that, except in their specialized fields, people could not acquire new ideas after the age of twenty-five and have shown that a man of forty-two can learn more rapidly than a child of twelve, adult education has taken on a new importance. Progressive educators, the country over, are looking to the Des Moines plan of public forums as a possible method of providing adult education in public affairs on a broad scale.

Considerable progress has been made in the last decade in the United States, partly through the stimulus of Carnegie support. Something like two hundred public forums are now in operation in the industrial cities of the East, notably Springfield, Massachusetts, and adult education groups have aroused a noteworthy interest in California. The Des Moines project carries the movement to the Middle West and also marks the first attempt to apply adult education to an



entire city for a period of several years. Mr. Studebaker's new position, in Washington, has enabled him to call forcibly to the attention of the American people the importance of rescuing the soap-box, giving it a coat of paint of neutral hue, and putting it to work in interests of public enlightenment. He has proposed that the federal government appropriate substantial sums to aid the individual states in establishing state-wide systems of public adult forums in

connection with the public schools. Such forums would be safeguarded against use as instruments of propaganda by being administered by local school agencies. They would serve solely as educational centers, available to all the people, in which the art of public discussion might be genuinely practiced.

Whether or not his proposal comes to fruition, it presents an issue which merits the thoughtful consideration of every community leader.

Good Farming Still Pays—

[Continued from page 26]

senting the most remarkable industry in America, farming. In no other business is it possible for a man to start out with meager savings, lose money every year, put his children through the university, and eventually retire to an undisturbed old age in California, living off the interest of what he has saved out of the ruins." Which is not so bad a statement of the situation, even though it is too optimistic when applied to these leaner years.

FOR sixty-five years the United States department of agriculture has kept a price record of crops. In my home state of Nebraska, the averages for the three major grain crops over this long period are: Corn forty-two cents; wheat seventy-nine cents; oats thirty cents. Prices on all of these have fluctuated violently on both sides of the averages, although over the years the trend has been upward. Right now the prices are well above these three averages, although they are admittedly too low for real farm prosperity. But eventually the present cycle will turn upward to a fair level, and both the farmers' scale of living and the value of farms

may be expected to rise accordingly.

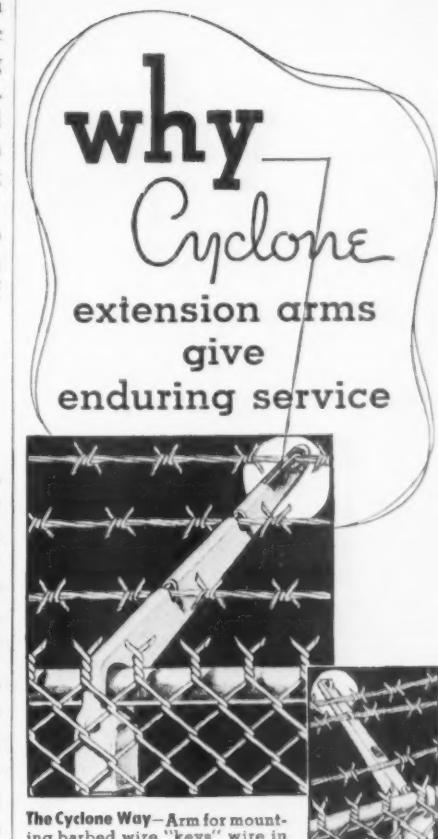
One insurance company with over twelve million dollars worth of farm properties obtained a net yield of 3.35 per cent on these farms in 1932, a net of 3.89 per cent in 1933. Twenty farms under our management in nineteen Iowa and Nebraska counties yielded 3 1/2 per cent net in 1932 and 4.46 per cent net (see table below) in 1933, with indications (bad drought counties excepted) of a materially higher yield when the 1934 figures are completed. Many people profess to believe that we are on a new low level of farm products and farm prices. I am guessing that these are the "new-era" boys of '28 and '29, who believed that a stock paying a \$4 annual dividend was worth \$336 a share simply because buyers were available at this price. Of course we all know that when the cycle of prices swings excessively high or low, it will in time return to a sane normal.

That is enough of statistics. (I seem to hear you saying it is too much.) Those figures, all from recognized sources of farm information, prove beyond argu-

A Net Profit of 4.46% in a Depression Year (1933) from Twenty Scientifically Managed Iowa and Nebraska Farms

| Description | | Appraised Valuation | | 1933 Rental Income | | 1933 Expenses | | | | | |
|------------------------|-------------|---------------------|------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|-------|
| | | Per Acre Value | Total Farm Value | Gross Income | Gross % | Taxes | Repairs | Clover, Seed, etc | Insurance | Net Income Amount | Net % |
| County and State | Acres | | | | | | | | | | |
| Dixon, Nebr. | 240 | \$ 80.00 | \$ 19,200.00 | \$ 985.31 | 5.1 | \$ 121.80 | \$ 176.21 | \$ 59.13 | \$ 6.00 | \$ 622.17 | 3.2 |
| Garden, Nebr. | 412 | 34.00 | 14,000.00 | 1,092.56 | 7.8 | 105.58 | 50.20 | 22.23 | 11.52 | 903.03 | 6.4 |
| Morrill, Nebr. | 160 | 44.00 | 7,000.00 | 427.94 | 6.1 | 90.64 | 25.30 | 24.13 | 4.96 | 282.91 | 4.0 |
| Saunders, Nebr. | 160 | 75.00 | 12,000.00 | 654.81 | 5.5 | 163.54 | 0 | 20.10 | 31.48 | 439.69 | 3.7 |
| Calhoun, Ia. | 453 | 100.00 | 45,300.00 | 3,010.75 | 6.6 | 672.89 | 153.90 | 27.04 | 64.76 | 2,092.16 | 4.6 |
| Winnebago, Ia. | 200 | 85.00 | 17,000.00 | 1,032.18 | 6.1 | 303.97 | 151.54 | 22.14 | 30.10 | 524.43 | 3.1 |
| Lyon, Ia. | 409 | 100.00 | 40,900.00 | 2,094.40 | 5.1 | 278.65 | 3.00 | 31.73 | 56.86 | 1,726.16 | 4.2 |
| Cass, Ia. | 263 | 60.00 | 15,780.00 | 1,393.04 | 8.8 | 185.70 | 7.00 | 51.53 | 0 | 1,148.81 | 7.3 |
| Woodbury, Ia. | 160 | 75.00 | 12,000.00 | 708.75 | 5.9 | 165.96 | 105.56 | 19.62 | 30.98 | 386.73 | 3.2 |
| Lancaster, Nebr. | 320 | 75.00 | 24,000.00 | 1,276.86 | 5.3 | 188.13 | 52.29 | 28.49 | 11.47 | 996.48 | 4.2 |
| Hall, Nebr. | 320 | 60.00 | 19,200.00 | 1,066.09 | 5.6 | 120.80 | 66.50 | 43.51 | 21.00 | 814.28 | 4.2 |
| Floyd, Ia. | 195 | 60.00 | 11,700.00 | 745.52 | 6.4 | 175.20 | 38.42 | 63.90 | 0 | 468.00 | 4.0 |
| Story, Ia. | 275 | 100.00 | 27,500.00 | 1,234.80 | 4.5 | 170.58 | 81.09 | 60.04 | 63.35 | 859.74 | 3.1 |
| Franklin, Ia. | 320 | 80.00 | 25,600.00 | 1,787.81 | 7.0 | 315.80 | 119.59 | 59.47 | 33.95 | 1,259.00 | 4.9 |
| Hancock, Ia. | 455 | 74.00 | 33,670.00 | 2,575.03 | 7.6 | 763.75 | 131.27 | 40.20 | 66.27 | 1,573.54 | 4.7 |
| Wright, Ia. | 160 | 90.00 | 14,400.00 | 922.55 | 6.4 | 171.56 | 42.28 | 11.89 | 0 | 696.82 | 4.8 |
| Grundy, Ia. | 599 | 100.00 | 59,900.00 | 3,681.07 | 6.1 | 562.94 | 182.93 | 43.57 | 86.00 | 2,805.63 | 4.7 |
| Hancock, Ia. | 320 | 65.00 | 20,800.00 | 1,524.48 | 7.3 | 229.00 | 83.45 | 53.07 | 24.20 | 1,133.86 | 5.5 |
| Dickinson, Ia. | 276 | 80.00 | 22,080.00 | 1,117.52 | 5.1 | 268.52 | 77.20 | 0 | 31.50 | 740.30 | 3.4 |
| Cuming, Nebr. | 350 | 75.00 | 26,250.00 | 1,732.40 | 6.6 | 250.88 | 0 | 12.75 | 37.39 | 1,431.38 | 5.5 |
| TOTALS . . . 20 | 6047 | 468,280.00 | 29,065.97 | 6.21% | 5,306.79 | 1,547.73 | 694.54 | 611.79 | 20,905.12 | 4.46% | |
| Total Value | | \$468,280.00 | (Gross) | | | | | | | | |
| Total Gross Income | | \$29,065.97 | 6.21% | | | | | | | | |
| Total Net Income | | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | |

Total Value \$468,280.00 (Gross)
Total Gross Income \$29,065.97 6.21%
Total Net Income \$20,905.12 4.46%



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ment that American agriculture is in by no means the desperate straits which the professional friends of the farmer would have us think. How can it be, when we see that not more than one-sixth of all farms have gone through, or are in any, financial crisis? When fifteen farm mortgage dollars out of every hundred are owed to other farmers? When the average farm family's cash income is above a thousand dollars a year? When farm-product prices are above the sixty-five-year average? When typical farms are yielding absentee owners higher returns in cash than can be had from top-quality investment bonds?

The more acute instances of financial misery among farmers—temporarily forgetting the drought sufferers—are chiefly among those farmers who do not clean the manure fork after the morning work, or else among those whose troubles arise from their faulty judgment as land speculators rather than from any inherent weakness in farming.

TH E farms had their new era believers, just as did the stock exchanges. A drive through any Iowa or Nebraska county where a large proportion of the farms has been foreclosed and where farm strikes, violent resistance to sheriff's sales, and similar phenomena have been seen, would quickly convince anyone of open mind. The next-door neighbor of such a farmer-speculator kept his head, paid off his mortgage during boom times, has made money enough to pay expenses and support his family all through the depression. So did, in his own field, one metropolitan business man while his partner gambled and lost his shirt.

We have intentionally steered clear of the drought areas up to this point, although the region in which my company

operates, and from which many of our figures come, had a fair share of dry weather and crop damage. But there are, as everyone knows, regions where the drought reached a degree which impoverished all the farmers. This was a catastrophe of nature—albeit abetted by some pretty unintelligent man-made conditions—and deserves such relief as any catastrophe brings forth. At the same time, here again we see brought into sharp focus the difference between individual farmers and their abilities and resourcefulness.

In the early autumn I drove several hundred miles through the hardest-hit drought areas of the Dakotas. The usual proportion of the sufferers were sitting on the front porch with hands folded, moaning about their hard luck. Most of the farmers—the ones who do not come under the classification of "any darn fool without brains"—were doing something about it. They were keeping a few cows to supply milk through the winter, and for feed were storing Russian thistle and other drought-proof vegetation in makeshift trench silos. Russian thistle may not be ideal dairy fodder, but when cattle are hungry enough they will eat it, and cows fed on such rations will give milk, though it will doubtless be in smaller quantities and of lower quality than that produced from more conventional ensilage.

This is just an example of what the better farmers were doing. From what I saw, and from what I was told locally, a large share of the farmers who were hardest hit by this water shortage will somehow weather through, their heads bloody but unbowed. And given a few years of decent weather, they will get back on their feet through their own intelligent efforts, with a minimum of paternal aid.

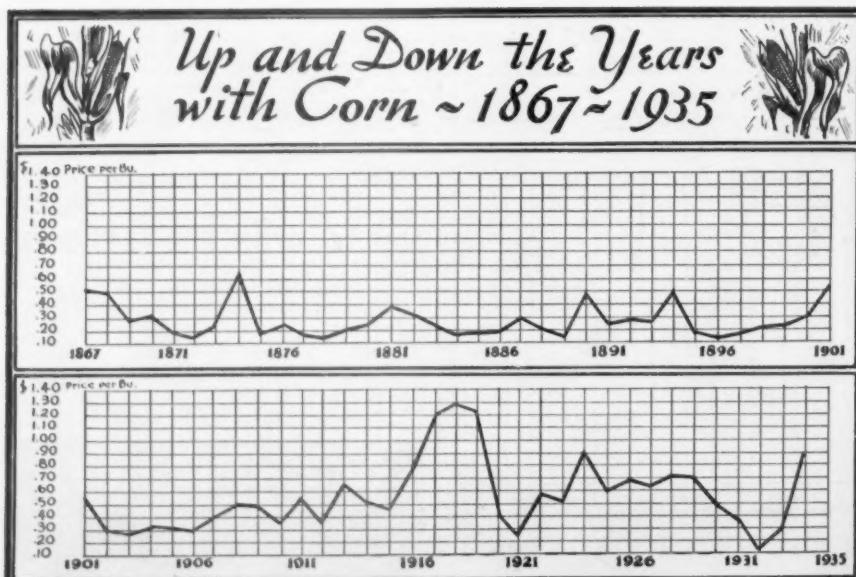
The point of this article is, of course, that agriculture is not prostrate. I am just as well aware of currently unfavorable conditions on the nation's farms as is the worst pessimist of the public prints. Where I differ with his views is that I believe the good farmers are entirely competent to work out their own salvation. And I reserve a reasonable doubt as to whether the others are worth keeping on the land, as to whether we should as a nation not be better off to have the incompetents replaced in the natural economic scheme by competents who are drifting back to the soil after years in the city.

EA CH decennial census for half a century or so has shown an increase in proportion of urban population, and a corresponding decrease in rural population. This trend has sharply reversed itself since the 1930 census. Even chamber of commerce statistics of the large cities acknowledge shrinkages of population, caused by a flow back to the farms of those rural folks who have learned through bitter experience that a steady small living on the farm is preferable to an uncertain city living which is very, very good at times, and which disappears just at the moment it is most needed. From these returned prodigals America's farms will be restaffed by good farmers to replace the rural casualties of the depression years.

You see, I cannot forget a few farm facts which force themselves on my attention week after week—facts which some farmers know by training or even apparently by instinct, and which other farmers never learn. One field is best plowed four inches deep, another seven, with a difference of many bushels to the acre in yield. There are only ten days when corn should be planted, and each week of delay decreases the yield about five bushels per acre; so the farmer who gets his corn in two weeks late on a hundred-acre field loses about \$800 on today's prices. Liming a deficient field will increase the alfalfa crop many fold.

Agriculture is not prostrate, despite the lusty bellows of its self-styled friends. It has been getting along reasonably well, and is doing better with each succeeding year. The farmer who knows his business and has been attending to it has this in common with the more level-headed of the fellows who gather around your Rotary luncheon table each week:

He has not done so badly. He will keep right on supporting his family, paying his taxes, and reducing his mortgage no matter how violently economic storms may roar about his head.



This exquisite camera study, called "Summer Solitude," won second place for Thelner Hoover, Glendale, California, in THE ROTARIAN's 1934 Photo Contest.



Announcing:

THE ROTARIAN'S Fourth Annual Vacation Photograph Competition

\$300 IN CASH --- 20 GRAND PRIZES

HAVE you a camera? Or do you plan to get one? If so, then you'll want to read on.

Interest in the 1934 Vacation Photo Contest sponsored by THE ROTARIAN was so keen and widespread, that this magazine will conduct another contest this year.

Two Groups: Scenic and Human Interest

There have been so many entries in THE ROTARIAN's photo contests of recent years that it has been decided to divide the 1935 photos into two groups: scenic and human interest. This means that you will want to keep an open eye for an opportunity to snap that favorite camp site, mountain stream, as well as the scene with a lot of human appeal. The simplest photo may be the winner. It makes no difference as to size. The original print of the picture above, for example, was only $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

The prizes will accordingly be divided into two groups: (1) The Scenic: first prize, \$50; second, \$35; third, \$20; fourth and fifth, \$10 each; and five honorable mention prizes of \$5 each—total \$150. (2) The Human Interest: each of the above prizes will be dupli-

cated—total \$150. Grand total of all twenty prizes is \$300—enough for everyone who enters to have a good opportunity to win.

A Few Simple Rules to Remember

The competition is limited to Rotarians and their immediate families (only wives, sons, and daughters).

Contestants are not limited as to number of photos.

Each photo submitted should have plainly written on the back: the title, the kind of camera and film used, and the name and address of the contestant. (If not a Rotarian, state relationship.)

Contestants desiring to have their photos returned should accompany them with sufficient postage.

All possible care will be exercised in handling photos, but no responsibility will be assumed by THE ROTARIAN Magazine for loss or damage to prints submitted.

Photos must be received by THE ROTARIAN not later than September 15, 1935. An extension to October 5, 1935, will be allowed to contestants from outside the United States and Canada.

The judges of the contest will be announced later. But decide now to enter this competition. All communications, entries, etc., should be addressed to:

Contest Editor, THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE **35 East Wacker Drive**
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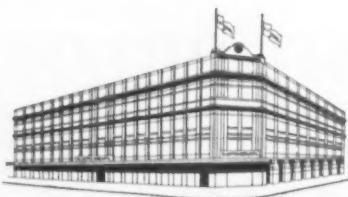
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FOR ADVENTURE"*

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Spanish Lesson No. 7 . . . Places

NOTE: Practical suggestions on Spanish pronunciation were given in Lesson No. 1 in the November ROTARIAN. The student is urged to pay especial attention to the pronunciation of vowels. There are five vowels in the Spanish language pronounced as follows: a—ah—as in father; e—ay—as in pay; i—ee—as in meet; o—oh—as in the exclamation Oh!; u—oo—as in moon.

Popocateptl

Poh-poh-kah-tay-pay'tl

Ixtaccihuatl

Eesh-tahk-see-oo-ah'tl

(Twin mountains near Mexico City.)

Alameda

Ah-lah-may'-dah

(Famous park in Mexico City)

Tenochtitlán

Tay-noch-teet-lan'

(Aztec name of Mexico City.)

Plaza de Santo Domingo

Plah'-sah day Sahn'-toh Doh-meen'-goh

(One of the oldest and most interesting squares in Mexico City.)

Zócalo

Soh'-kah-loh

(Square in the center of Mexico City—site of the ancient Aztec capital and of the present capital.)

Paseo de la Reforma

Pah-say'-oh day lah Ray-fohr'-mah

(Handsome boulevard in Mexico City at the beginning of which is located the United States Consulate.)

Avenida Madero

Ah-vay-nie'-dah Mah-day'-roh

(Main street in Mexico City. A block up this avenue from the Palace of Fine Arts is the House of Tiles, built about 1596, covered with blue and white Puebla tiles. Sanborns, a restaurant favored by travellers, now occupies the building.)

Chapultepec

Chah-pool-tay-payk'

(From these heights, at the end of the Paseo de la Reforma, the Aztecs once ruled. One wing of the castle on the heights is now the official residence of the President of Mexico, while another wing houses an historical museum.)

Tlálepam

Tahl'-pahm

(Eleven miles from Mexico City is this lovely old town with many interesting homes dating from the time of the Spanish viceroys.)

Xochimilco

Soh-chee-meel'-koh

(In this famous suburb are to be found the renowned "Floating Gardens." Be certain to find a place for these on your sightseeing schedule.)

Colonias

Koh-loh'-nee-ahs

(The name given to the districts into which Mexico City is divided. Colonia del Hipódromo [Koh-loh'-nee-ah dayl Ee-poh'-droh-moh] is a new residential section with many fine apartment houses. Colonia del Valle [Koh-loh'-nee-ah dayl Vah'-yay] is another attractive residential section. In the Colonia Roma [Koh-loh'-nee-ah Roh'-ma] is one of Mexico City's most interesting churches. Here after the mass on Sunday many attractive Mexican girls may be seen promenading in the Plaza.)

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CHOICE SELECTION OF ANTIQUES



SANBORN'S
MADERO 4
MEXICO CITY
MEXICO



Photo: Luis Márquez

"You'll love the bright Mexican baskets . . . Seasoned travellers acquire several and fill them with their treasures . . . and it does simplify inspection."

So You and Ted Are Going Too!

[Continued from page 38]

you can go to a bank and change your traveller's checks as needed (I don't have to tell you and Ted to limit the amount of cash you carry) because it is so disconcerting to arrive back at the border with a fistful of paper pesos—and then get only a few dollars in exchange.

Having gotten you in and out of Mexico, let's go back to its fascinating capital. The air of that high valley is sheer wine to the senses. You own the world! You'll feel so grand that you'll want to start tearing around without stopping. Don't! Remember you are up nearly a mile and a half above sea level. The air is thin, and you'll have to breathe more of it to fill your lungs. Good exercise for them, but it puts an extra load on your heart until you have become accustomed to the altitude. Go slow the first couple of days. And be *careful what you eat and drink*.

If you are in the Pullman City or at one of the recognized hotels, the water supply will be above reproach. If you are quartered in a home, it will be equally safe. When in doubt, it is better to drink bottled water or drop a chlorine tablet in a glassful. Be wary of uncooked vegetables, such as lettuce, tomatoes and celery. The fruits are so delicious that you may be tempted to overeat. Some visitors pay a distressing price for this

knowledge—a mild attack of dysentery. Just remember to go slow on native fruit at first; keep a wary eye on uncooked vegetables, and be sure of your water—simple rules you'd follow on an automobile tour in your own country.

When in Rome do as the Romans—and when in Mexico by all means do as your hosts, who eat the day's heavy meal at noon, and then rest a bit. The *siesta* habit will double your pleasure in Mexico, keeping you fresh for the afternoon and evening fun. You might as well fall into it, because practically everything in Mexico closes from 12 until 2 or 3—only they say from 12 until 14 or 15 o'clock.

You needn't worry about not speaking Spanish in Mexico City. All the better shops have English-speaking clerks. Likewise, waiters in cafés. And if you lose your way or want information, stroll over to the nearest traffic policeman. Embroidered on his arm band will be the flag of each nation whose language he speaks!

Anyhow, you know where you live. Hail a taxi and say the name of your temporary home. Write it out if you are not understood. There are cabs galore. They fairly infest the streets. For some reason they are called *libres* (which means "free" and sounds like lee-brys when they say it)

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Of special interest to Americans is this statue of Washington in Mexico City. Its sculptor, Pompeo Coppini, is a New York City (N. Y.) Rotarian.

and for fifty centavos (a *toston* is the common word for it) you can go most anywhere in the City. Which, at the present rate of exchange, means that three or four

of you can ride to any reasonable destination for fifteen cents. That's *almost free!* Only—be sure the fare is fixed before you so much as put a foot on the taxi running board. Fish out your Mexican fifty-cent piece, hold it where your prospective driver can see it, and say the name of the spot you hope to reach. If he nods or says *si, si*—pile in. If he says *no*, back firmly away. There are many waiting to take his place. Under no condition ever embark on a jaunt of any length without the cost first being mutually understood.

In Mexico, as elsewhere, tips are expected by those who perform personal services for you. It is a good rule to operate on a ten per cent basis.

I do hope you and Ted take an extra week and, in a more leisurely way, drink in the wonders of the City and the not-too-far-away places of almost fabulous beauty and interest of which you've been reading in THE ROTARIAN. If you'll only stay over, we'll do them with you—for Bill and I are going to school again this summer, in Mexico City! Yes, I'm serious. You know the university there is the oldest on the North American continent. It was founded in 1553. Its summer courses now attract many students from the United States, Canada, and other countries.

We sent young Bill down last summer, to train his ears before going on with his Spanish in college. He lived with a family recommended by the office of the registrar, and those six weeks did wonders for him—at a cost so low I blush to tell it. Big Bill is going to take some courses in Latin-American relations and economics, because his business future is so closely entwined with that of Mexico. He maintains that you can teach an old dog new tricks—if the old dog has brains. I plan to study the music and dancing of Mexico, since the accompanying lectures are given in English. My kitchen Spanish is not up to heavier work.

But that's enough for now. We'll talk a week when we get together. Oh 'Lisabeth, my dear, I can't tell you how happy I am that you are going to make this trip. You'll be richer all the days of your life to come. For it is true that man cannot live by bread alone. You'll furnish the house of your memory with pictures no artist has yet imprisoned on canvas and the book of your mind will add new chapters to be conned for endless years.

I'll be downright sentimental, if I don't cease. Until we meet in Mexico, *adios!*

Devotedly,
ANN.

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Mexico . . . By Strickland Gillilan

A dream I dreamed of ranchos rimmed
With píru and maguey;
While smoldering Popo, cloud-bedimmed,
Stood half a world away.
I dreamed a dream of wine-like air;
Of charm that none may know
Who has not lived or travelled there—
My dream is Mexico!

A dream I dreamed of sunshine blent
With skies of fleckless blue;
Of peoples gentle and content
With welcome warm for you.

My dream was rich in friendly smiles
And voices soft and low
That lure me back across the miles—
These, too, are Mexico!

The dream I dreamed, on waking seemed
A sweet reality;
Through all my after hours has gleamed
That golden time, for me.
Then let me dream it o'er and o'er,
As oft as I may go
Where I shall learn to love it more—
The dream that's Mexico.

Travelling With Your Head

[Continued from page 12]

us all. For there are 210 million Mohammedans in this world, and 230 million Hindus, and 150 million Buddhists, and 350 million people who proclaim themselves followers of the great Confucius. That makes a total of 940 million non-Christians to which we must add another 160 million souls, composed partly of Shintoists and of sects that recognize

not one but a multitude of Gods. These 1,100 millions may be compared with the 682 million Christians.

That means that the Christians are outnumbered two to one by the others and it will show you that a close study of these main religious groups will not be merely an idle pursuit but something that some day very soon may be of eminently practical value.

Granted, thrice granted, that a single week in India and Ceylon will not teach you very much about that mysterious fervor that blazes forth from the deep-set eyes of the average worshipper in a Hindu temple. But let me repeat that to those who travel with their heads, even a very short trip of only a few hours will bring more enlightenment than any number of learned articles in a hundred different learned magazines.

I must not make this too long.

I have spent some three years of my life on the high seas and I have been in a great many parts of the world, and I have crossed the ocean in everything from a fifty thousand-ton liner to a one-ton life-boat, and I am almost as poor a sailor as Nelson and Darwin were before me, and I have just added another six months to the previous three years of salt-water service. Now people continually come to me and ask me, "Tell us honestly if it is worth our while to take a trip to this or that or the other part of the world? Can we get anything out of it or is it a mere waste of time?"

And I answer them, in the words of the medieval guidebook writers: "Travel, my friends, for travel is the only absolutely reliable source of lasting satisfaction for any human being, provided he or she is willing to pay the price."

I do not mean the actual cost of transportation. That is mere detail. You have either got it or not, as the case may be.

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Want This Picture in Colors for Framing?

READERS of THE ROTARIAN, especially those who have been or are planning to go to Mexico, will be interested in learning that for ten cents they may secure a copy of this month's cover, "Dancing Señorita," for framing. This reproduction from the original water color by Sr. A. X. Peña, well known Mexican artist, is in four colors and on pebbled stock, and when framed appropriately will make a beautiful decoration. Your copy can be secured by sending ten cents in stamps or coin to THE ROTARIAN, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

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And you either travel *de luxe* or "wooden benches," as it happens to suit your own tastes or your pocketbook. There is, however, one other price you must pay, if you want to derive any lasting benefits from your investment. You will have to travel with your head.

Those of you who are grown-up will prefer to remain yourselves, for it is as yourselves that you expect to profit from your experiences, and not as the heroes of some wild South Sea romance. You people will also realize that only very small children can be happy at the prospect of an uninterrupted session of gayeties and gala performances. A circus pulls just a little faster than almost any other form of human diversion. We live in times that are too interesting and too serious for a five-month "bender" from one exotic port to the next.

No, you must travel because there is something almost sacred in being allowed to see with your own eyes just how marvelous this world of ours is. You must travel to realize just how wonderful it could be if we only understood the fact

that the good Lord has given us our intelligence (as he gave us our hands and feet and eyes and ears) as something to be used during every moment of the day and the night and not as a useless luxury to be applied on those occasions when we are trying to accumulate a few necessary riches. You must travel because as an intelligent citizen of an intelligent community you will want to live in a world of facts and not in a world of vague and nebulous theories.

Travel that way and you will begin to amass a capital of knowledge and experience and of lasting and solid contentment which no tax-gatherer can take away from you, an investment which is not subject to the fluctuations of the stock-market, which the crash of any and all the banks of this and all other countries cannot diminish by one single penny.

Travel that way! Travel with your head and you will gain the epitaph that all of us hope to achieve as the final reward for our efforts:

"Here lies a truly civilized human being."

Is Government Spending the Way to Recovery? Yes—

[Continued from page 18]

into the technicalities of stable money or of so-called sound money. I do not know all the details of the subject, although I am an accountant, and I helped my father, Harvey S. Chase, revise the national budget in President Taft's administration. At that time I learned the cardinal distinction between a balanced budget based on ordinary expenditures and one based on extraordinary or capitalized expenditures. This distinction is still greatly confused in the public mind.

I wish to persuade you of three points which seem to me vital and incontrovertible. First, we cannot balance the budget as long as about twenty million American citizens depend on the government to save them from destitution if not literal starvation. Second, we cannot let nature take its course as in earlier depressions and deflate our highly mechanized industrial system to the bitter end. Third, as the wealthiest nation on earth, we have a number of years' leeway for government spending, before approaching the Berlin disaster, and by virtue of the spending, if it is well administered, we need never reach the runaway stage.

Point one: The first point does not need much demonstration. Assuming that we shall need at least two billions above ordinary revenues for the barest subsistence level of relief (about \$100 a person a year), I do not see how a balanced budget can meet this expense without a

thumping great income tax on the higher brackets. Such a levy the budget balancers of my acquaintance do not view with enthusiasm. Of course it might be tried. On the whole I favor the tax.

Point two: To appreciate the second point, that an artificially developed system of mechanical production cannot be left to the automatic deflation of *laissez-faire* economics, we must remind ourselves of some of the characteristics of that system:

We must remember that our system uses forty times as much mechanical energy *per capita* as it used a century ago, and that this energy must keep flowing or factories, canneries, water supply, transport, will stop and a good many of us citizens will perforce stop too.

We must remember that industrial inventions have spread at an accelerating rate and have gone on spreading throughout the depression.

Costs of production in terms of man-hours of work are the lowest in history. If they were not, there would not be so many millions of non-producers—meaning in this connection middlemen, service trades, professions—fed by so few farmers, industrial and transport workers, and the inanimate energy they employ. Money costs have not followed man-hour costs down. The price structure is badly out of line with the technological structure.

Energy and invention have combined

to throw workers out of their jobs, at the same time wiping out their purchasing power. This fact was in dispute for a number of years, on the ground that displaced workers were absorbed to build the new machines. The reasoning is not only improbable, in that labor-saving devices are economical because they do save labor, but it is today almost universally abandoned, even by some professors who clung to it as long as they could.

Extreme specialization, facilitated by inventions and the use of mechanical energy, has made industry interdependent to a degree hitherto unknown and still not fully recognized. It has greatly reduced the possibility of practising economic individualism. Imagine a business man telling the telephone company, or the water company, or the light and power company, to get off his premises!

THE population of the United States, and of most countries in Europe, is not growing so fast as it used to grow. We in America shall probably reach a peak by 1950 and then decline. This fact is diminishing land values as discounted against the old rate of population growth, and is threatening future earnings based on such valuations.

Plant capacity has been for some years greater than profitable markets for plant output. Investment has therefore slowed down; savings have accumulated, with terrific repercussions on construction and the heavy industries.

Foreign markets have declined for almost all industrial nations of the West, as once "backward" nations have developed their own industries. Look at Japan.

These are the conditions which affect industry today, to a greater degree in Europe and North America, but to some extent also in the rest of the world. My contention is that these conditions and characteristics of modern industry prevent a return of prosperity without drastic changes in social and economic organization. Other students interpret the facts differently, but few question the facts themselves.

Certain orthodox economists, though they are disposed to admit the facts as I have described them, argue that the whole trouble has arisen from "sticky" prices, which have not fallen as costs have fallen. Destroy monopoly, establish free competition, they say, and the system can be made to work again. But to reestablish free competition would mean to scrap the greater part of government activity, all social legislation, all labor unions, trade associations, holding companies, and a good part of the corporate structure. It means deflation to the bitter end, and

above all takes no account of changed technological methods, or of the network of specialization which has undermined rugged individualism, in fact if not in theory.

Another school of economists invites us to look at the poverty of the mass of the people, the great potential market even in the United States and the incalculable market in relatively undeveloped countries. To supply the last Chinese with a motor car, a bathtub, a radio, an electric refrigerator, and an air-conditioning machine, these critics point out, would keep the factories of the world booming for generations. When you ask them,

however, how the last Chinese, or even the first Kentucky mountaineer, is going to pay for these luxuries, they have no answer.

It is not fair for a business man hoping for profit to talk as if production were carried on to supply people with useful commodities. In his business hours he knows better. There is much to be said for supplying people with useful commodities on the basis of need alone, but it means ignoring profits, banks, debts, interest charges, insurance, and capitalism itself. If needs were stimulants we should have no unemployment.

My interpretation of the conditions I



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have listed is this: energy and invention have produced an abundance of material goods beyond the market which our financial system permits. If financial restrictions were removed they could probably produce enough to supply every family in North America and Europe with an ample budget of necessities and reasonable comforts. I have made some careful calculations on this subject in another place, and a group of engineers, the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity, has published more extensive findings supporting the conclusion for the United States.

The stoppage of markets, however, has crippled production and the working of the capitalist system, which is inevitably geared to expanding markets. In order to keep markets expanding, or even to prevent their actually shrinking, capital must be invested continually in new producers' goods. The heavy industries must operate at a high level, because the wages of their workers are needed to supplement those of workers in consumers' goods in order to buy all the consumers' goods produced, and keep the system in equilibrium.

A balanced budget for the United States today means a policy of economy

and deflation. This is not the medicine which our system needs to restore prosperity; on the contrary, it is a specific poison for a system like ours. In view of the conditions enumerated above, it cannot adequately stimulate the heavy industries. Deflation went as far as it could in slightly more than three years, to March 1933, and its poisonous effects were so marked that the entire banking system was paralyzed until the government came to its rescue.

Now if this is the result of deflation, and if the analysis I have made is sound, showing that present conditions interfere seriously with expansion at the old rate, some substitute must be found for natural expansion. The only substitutes I have heard anybody suggest are government control and government spending, in one form or another.

But, it is objected, unless the budget is balanced and the government restricts its spending, business men will lack confidence to expand their own businesses and initiate new industries. I agree that some confidence among business men (but not too much, as in 1928) would be desirable. But I think it very doubtful whether an announcement that the budget balanced would create the confidence necessary to rehabilitate the heavy industries. It certainly would not cause the mass of consumers to rush out and spend their money. This result would be much more probable if the government began a campaign of reckless spending.

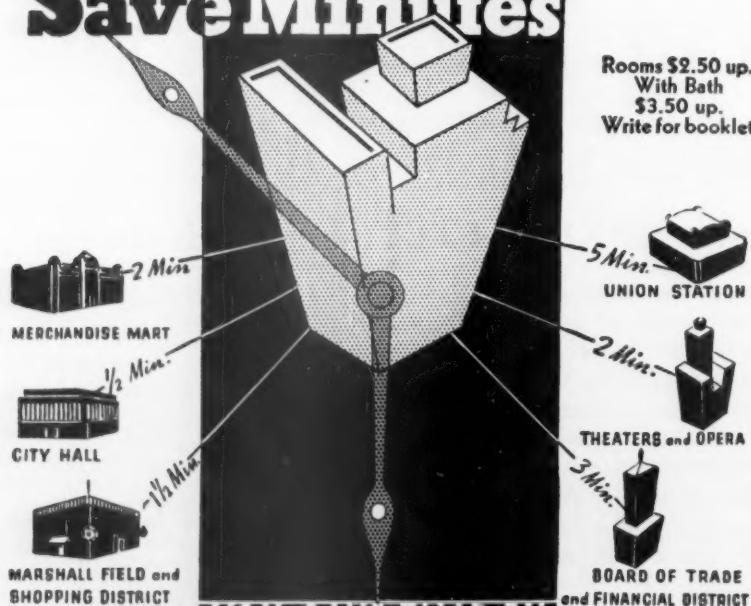
CONFIDENCE was a remedy which President Hoover tried to apply on several occasions, and when business men had absorbed the confidence and rushed out to expand their plants, they were in many cases ruined. Their confidence had been misplaced.

Think of your own business. Would you expand it, even if the national budget balanced, unless you had assurance of sufficient markets for your product? Would you like your competitors to enlarge their plants and their production under present conditions? As David Cushman Coyle remarked, "Capital investment is great stuff everywhere except in any particular place."

A wholesale revival of capital goods needs more than confidence: it needs expanding population, expanding foreign trade, a shortage of productive capacity, expanding domestic markets, a relatively low burden of debt—all conspicuous by their absence.

If we cannot spend enough as individuals to keep the economic system running smoothly, the government must make up the deficiency. This may be

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—Herblock in Orange, N. J., Daily Courier

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morally regrettable, but it is practically inevitable. Expenditures, furthermore, for which we receive new community wealth—schools, forests, highways, hospitals, rural electrification—are neither extravagant nor inflationary. Of a public works program for England, J. M. Keynes said: "To bring up the bogey of inflation as an objection to capital expenditure at the present time is like warning a patient who is wasting away from emaciation of the dangers of excessive corpulence."

Point three: For such spending, which at once gives jobs to the unemployed and enriches the whole community, I believe that the government of the United States has ample margin. It has gold reserves of more than four billions. It has a long dollar which will buy about twenty percent more than the dollar of 1929, and which could lose some of that buying-power and still be very far from dangerous depreciation. I am not recommending an advance in prices, only pointing out a margin which separates us from

the Berlin Impasse. It has, if it spends five billions a year above its income, financed by bond issues, some ten years to go before its public debt per capita reaches that of England today. Of course the federal debt is not the whole story, either here or in England. Both countries have a problem of local governmental debt which must also be considered.

Assuming any such margin, why are the advocates of budget balancing so alarmed about a relatively remote event? It is contrary to the normal attitude of business men. Other dangers may be more imminent than a runaway inflation ten years hence. If a boom should start tomorrow, there would be a serious crash long before 1945. If a war should start next year, the government debt would rise faster than any program of unemployment relief is likely to increase it.

The policy of spending is espoused not only by dangerous radicals like myself. There are financiers who endorse it. One such group with whom I have been in touch holds that if the spending can be got under way in large enough volume, the budget will be balanced automatically in due time, with no changes whatever in the rules of the financial game. The stimulation to business will provide the taxes needed. Personally I am not so sure. I suspect that we shall have to change the rules at least to the extent of financing public works through issues of public credit bearing no interest or a very low rate of interest.

The relevant problem of the hour is the amount that should be spent, and the wisest way to spend it. To refuse to spend, for a system geared to high energy and rapid expansion, is, in my sober and earnest opinion, the suicide of that economy.

Is Government Spending the Way to Recovery? No—

[Continued from page 19]

record for domestic sales than any year since the depression began.

World trade is at the moment unsettled because currencies are destabilized. Monetary difficulties are an inevitable counterpart of recovery periods.

But just as soon as the statesmen of the different countries involved discover that monetary tinkering in itself does not produce trade and that currency stabilization is a reflection of stable conditions in commerce, then we shall be able to make notable progress.

America may not acquire the foreign trade that she had in 1929, but it is absurd to believe that we shall always be content to have a foreign trade of the size of 1913. American manufactured

goods and raw materials are so much in demand to satisfy the wants of the world that we shall always be able to get a substantial share of the world markets. Reciprocal trade agreements will help us attain that objective.

The assumption that we have reached the frontiers within our country is fallacious because we have not really begun to develop intensively. Life is a constant groping for better living conditions. Is it safe to assume that people will be content to live in hovels and shacks when they can move into apartments and bungalows? There are substantial areas of the United States that need rebuilding. Our resources are undeveloped.

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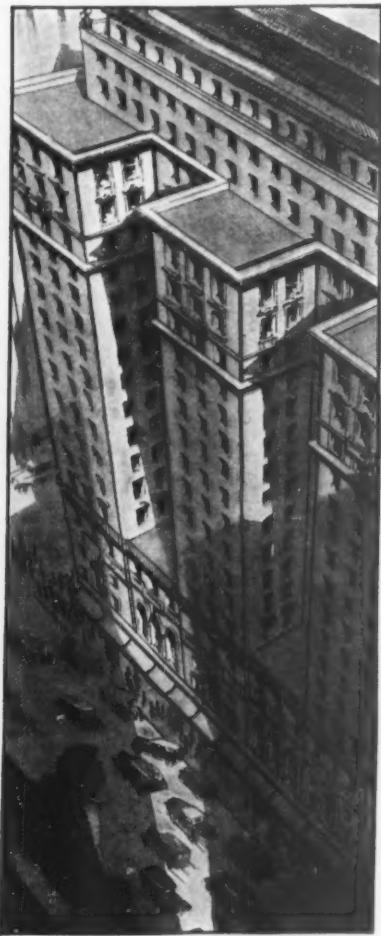
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yet been reached nor has the saturation point of American sales to our own market been attained.

This brings us to the query as to whether such intensive cultivation of the domestic market can be accomplished by the federal government through the use of public funds or whether it is a goal better achieved by private spending.

The reason that we cannot leave the task to the federal government is that it means enormous outlays of funds and an indefinite period of unbalanced budgets and a possible inflation panic.

Governments are not able to spend money as effectively as private business because governments are influenced by political considerations. Group pressure upon Congress decides that money shall be spent where the most votes can be enrolled. Instead of allowing wages to be determined on a competitive basis, government interposes a rigid formula and keeps construction costs higher than they need possibly be or would be if natural forces were permitted to operate.

Similarly, constant drain on the public treasury means increased taxation, and this in itself introduces an element of high cost to the consumer of the nation's goods.

We must seek our salvation through the building up of the American system.

It is, in brief, a system whereby fraud and dishonesty and financial manipulation are condemned and should be prohibited by every federal and state law that can be devised.

BUT it implies, on the other hand, an opportunity for individual groups and for individual proprietors to develop their talents and initiative, risking their own money and the money of those who are willing to risk with them, in the selection of profitable enterprises that need upbuilding.

Some recent estimates indicate that there are \$30,000,000,000 worth of projects available to private industry in the next few years. This is because replacements have lagged and machinery has worn out or because enterprises that need capital have been unable to perform their normal functions in our economic life.

Our trouble today is that we are insisting upon intrusion through governmental channels in the system of private economy, and we are endeavoring, on the other hand, to use governmental funds and governmental powers to direct and manage, if not control, enterprises which should be free from governmental restrictions except for a few vital standards of concern to all society.

The system of fair competition, which has developed America, can function



—Knott in Dallas (Texas) News
Temporarily Unbalanced.

again. In some natural-resource industries, it may be necessary for a short time to apply production control, but all these measures should be temporary with the idea of restoring fair competition in all forms of enterprise from production to consumption.

The work relief program of the federal administration involves \$5,000,000,000. The Public Works program of the last two years has amounted to about \$3,300,000,000. Neither of these sums begins to scratch the surface in the possible volume of transactions in American industry when enterprise is not hampered or restricted by governmental regulation or by governmental competition.

We need a national income of at least \$80,000,000,000 a year in order to support our tax burdens of federal, state, and city governments. We had a national income last year of around \$40,000,000,000.

So long as we are to rely on a tax system to collect revenues for the maintenance of the government, we must have a profit system.

And we cannot have a profit system unless government keeps its hands off, except to see to it that fraud, dishonesty, and unfair competition are not practiced.

Private spending rather than public spending is the way out of the depression. This is only another way, however, of saying that private industry must function and bear the load. It cannot do so if the government through political considerations is intent upon increasing consumer costs and interfering with the management of our producers and distributors.

Responsibility for private industry must be upon the management selected by the owners with due regard for that social discipline which comes out of effective laws regarding corporation responsibility and finance.

The alternative is financial chaos. Government spending on a scale that inter-

MAY, 1935

63

fers with and retards the recovery of private business merely means increasing deficits and a declining confidence in the value of the paper dollar.

If we should develop a loss of confidence in our currency, it would mean a soaring of prices and an inflation similar to that which occurred in Central Europe when a whole week's wages did not buy a loaf of bread.

It is a choice then between a governmentally controlled economy or a private economy. There are evils, to be sure, in both, and abuses that will occur under any system that is devised because fallible human beings, after all, must operate either one.

But the United States has been built up through a period of 150 years by virtue of private initiative and the contest of wits and talent that goes with all human endeavor.

To try any other scheme means to perpetuate the dole and to diminish the self-reliance of the individual. It means also to obliterate state and city governments and to put the whole nation at the mercy of 531 men in Congress, which after all means at the mercy of one man or a small group of men in the administrative branch of the government.

Whatever we may call this system, it

resembles rather closely the oligarchy idea or the dictatorship which in past history has ruined democracy.

We do not want synthetic prosperity at the cost of America's freedom.

We do not want hypoderms of government spending which cannot be replaced by more spending when the first Public Works projects are completed.

The idea that we can prime the pump for some future day when private business will take up the slack is based upon the theory that private business can function when placed in a strait-jacket or when retarded by the very influences which are now being set up as accelerators.

Fortunately, adjustments are being made every day which will make it possible for purchasing power in other countries to be increased coincidentally with our own.

Also, through readjustments and reorganizations, indeed, through recapitalization in the lawful ways provided by the courts, we are gradually rebuilding our capital structure throughout the United States.

This is the usual way that nations emerge from depressions. When debt structures are revised in legitimate manner, enterprise can begin again.

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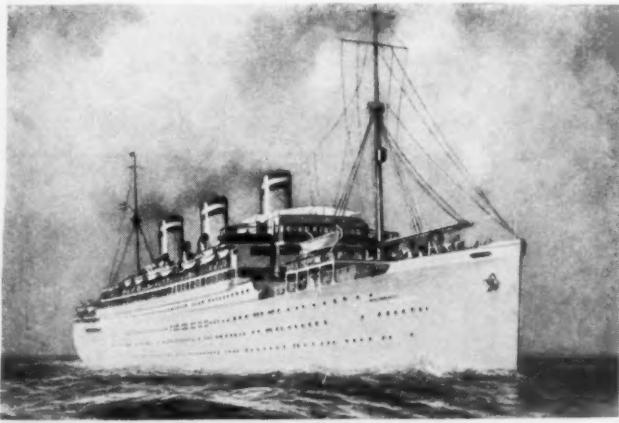
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So far as the next three years are concerned, the policy of the national administration will determine which of the directions we shall take. It is idle just to call for a balanced budget. What we need is a balanced budgetary program. The American people will wait patiently for the balancing of a budget provided each year shows that progress is being made toward the wiping out of deficits.

We have high enough tax rates now

to produce sufficient money to pay our current expenses, but the big question is whether our national legislators will be influenced by the demagogues who have everything to gain and nothing to lose by chaos or whether our national legislators will see the light and allow American business and industry to function with such restraints as are necessary in the interest of increasing social responsibility.

Nobody wants to go back to the old days of unrestricted and unrestrained jungle warfare. Nobody wants to go back to the period of speculation and manipulated finance with all its reckless impositions on innocent investors.

But what we do want is a nation that will go forward with the proper constitutional restraints applied so that the lessons of the depression will not have been in vain and so that we may resume the building of a great nation.

The Pageantry of Parliament

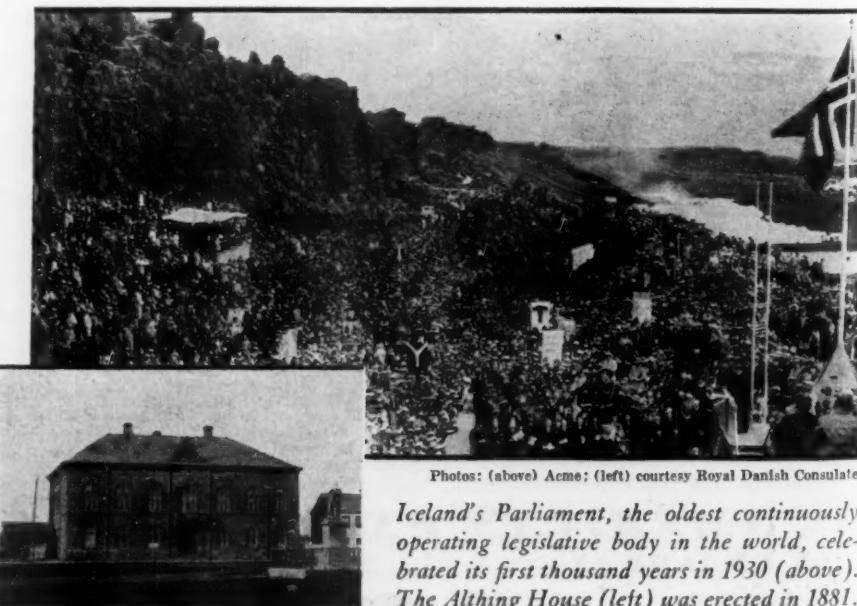
[Continued from page 23]

present and any other members who may wish to go, proceeds along the corridor to the "bar" of the House of Lords.

There, at the farther end of the brilliantly decorated chamber, with its scarlet benches, stand under a canopy the thrones on which, once a year at the opening of the parliamentary session, the King and Queen take their places, crowned and in their robes, when the King reads his speech. In front of the thrones is the "woolsack," a large couch or divan, covered in red cloth; it is the seat of the Lord Chancellor, who is the Speaker of the House of Lords in addition to his other functions. (In the Middle Ages, the chief source of the wealth of England was the woollen industry; it

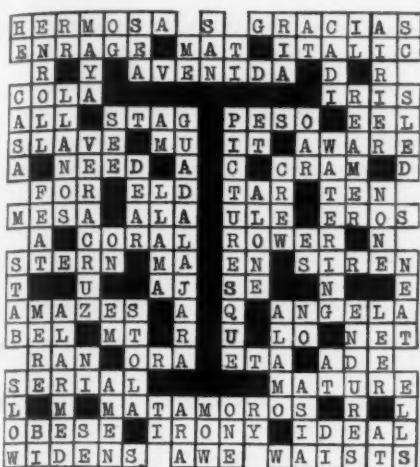
was in honor of wool that the Lord Chancellor was seated upon a woolsack. The custom still continues, although, as was said by George Stephenson, the great railway engineer, modern conditions would be better symbolized if the Lord Chancellor sat on a coal-sack!).

Today the thrones are covered over and railled-off. On a bench placed between the thrones and the woolsack are seated the Lord Chancellor and two other peers, who are the three commissioners appointed to signify the royal assent to the bills. They wear their robes of scarlet trimmed with ermine, the number of bands of ermine denoting their rank in the peerage; on their heads are three-cornered cocked hats of eighteenth cen-



Photos: (above) Acme; (left) courtesy Royal Danish Consulate

Iceland's Parliament, the oldest continuously operating legislative body in the world, celebrated its first thousand years in 1930 (above). The Althing House (left) was erected in 1881.



tury style. There may be five or six other members of the House of Lords, in ordinary dress, scattered about the benches. The Speaker of the House of Commons, with those who have accompanied him, stand at the other end of the Chamber, beyond the low partition which is the "bar."

Then one of the clerks of the House of Lords, in wig and gown, standing and facing the woolsack, reads the warrant from the King, "signed by his own hand," appointing the commissioners; he makes deep bows to each of the three in turn as he mentions their names, and each responds by raising his cocked hat. The Lord Chancellor directs that "the clerks do pass the bills in the usual form and words." One of the clerks then reads the list of titles, and after each bill is named, another clerk half turns to the Speaker and members of the House of Commons standing at the bar, and announces the Royal Assent; he then turns back to the commissioners, and makes a deep obeisance.

BUT here is the most remarkable survival of any in all the strange collection of English customs. The words used by the clerk on this occasion are old Norman French! Parliaments were first set up in the thirteenth century, in the days of the Plantagenet Kings, when the language of the Court was still the French which had been brought from Normandy at the time of the Conquest a few generations earlier. And now, seven hundred years after, we hear the old Norman tongue still being spoken.

When the title of each bill has been read the words uttered by the clerk are *Le Roy le veult*—the King wills it. If the bill is one to impose taxes the formula is *Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leurs benevolence, et ainsi le veult*—the King thanks his good subjects, accepts their free grant and so wills it.

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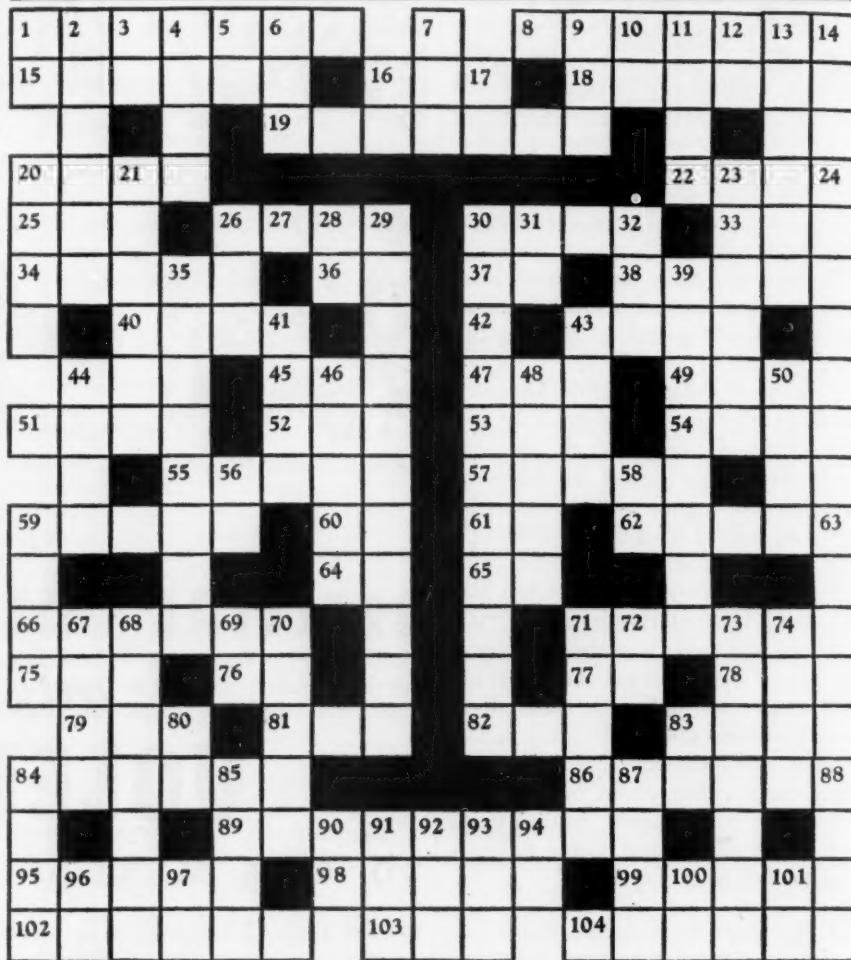
KAATER SKILL
Pownal, Vt. 14th Season. Boys 6-19. Varied program of activity. Trips. Trained Staff. Complete equipment. Riding, Phylecan, \$15.50 a week. Catalog, 4½ hours from N.Y. City. H. W. Lorenz, Box 424, Bennington, Vt. Affiliated Camp Woodland, Londonderry, Vt. for girls.

the words would be *Le Roy s'avisera*—the King will consider it; but those words have not been heard for more than two hundred years.

Mention of the King's speech at the beginning of the session recalls to my mind another peculiar survival among

our parliamentary customs. At one stage in the evolution of the British Constitution, it was essential for the House of Commons to make it clear that it could itself initiate legislation and was not limited to such matters as might be proposed by the King through his ministers.

This Month's Rotary Crossword Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Spanish for "beautiful"
- 2 Spanish for "thank you"
- 3 To anger
- 4 Rug
- 5 Slanting type
- 6 Spanish for "avenue"
- 7 African tree
- 8 Part of eye
- 9 Everyone
- 10 Male deer
- 11 Mexican currency unit
- 12 Elongated fish
- 13 Neuter pronoun
- 14 Greek letter
- 15 Cognizant
- 16 Want
- 17 To stuff
- 18 In favor of
- 19 Poetic: old time
- 20 Sailor
- 21 Number
- 22 Spanish for tableland
- 23 Wing-like part
- 24 Mexican caoutchouc tree
- 25 Greek god of love
- 26 Shade of red
- 27 Oarsman
- 28 Rear of vessel
- 29 Colloquial: mother
- 30 Half an em
- 31 Latin for "and"
- 32 Paddle
- 33 Mexican seaport
- 34 Sprinkling
- 35 Beloved
- 36 Ship's company
- 37 Deed
- 38 Continued story
- 39 Mexican port
- 40 Fat
- 41 Perfect
- 42 Broadens
- 43 Respect
- 44 Garments
- 45 Alluring nymph
- 46 Initials of a U. S. president
- 47 Behold
- 48 Seine
- 49 Mountain (abbr.)
- 50 Hurried
- 51 Of account
- 52 Moorish judge
- 53 Behold
- 54 More windy
- 55 Babylonian deity
- 56 Anglo-Saxon money
- 57 Southern state (abbr.)
- 58 By
- 59 King of Bashan
- 60 Moorish judge
- 61 Italian article
- 62 Of age
- 63 Pronoun
- 64 Name of a people
- 65 Compass point
- 66 Seine
- 67 Mountain (abbr.)
- 68 Babylonian deity
- 69 More windy
- 70 Narrow inlet of sea
- 71 Moorish judge
- 72 Italian article
- 73 Southern state (abbr.)
- 74 By
- 75 Girl's name
- 76 Hurried
- 77 Moorish judge
- 78 Babylonian deity
- 79 Perfect
- 80 Anglo-Saxon money
- 81 More windy
- 82 Greek letter
- 83 Author of "Fables in Slang"
- 84 Continued story
- 85 Mexican port
- 86 Fat
- 87 Perfect
- 88 Babylonian deity
- 89 Mexican port
- 90 More windy
- 91 Southern state (abbr.)
- 92 Italian article
- 93 Moorish judge
- 94 Babylonian deity
- 95 King of Bashan
- 96 Girl's name
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It is the procedure, on the first day of a new session, for the House of Commons to go to the House of Lords and hear the King read the Speech which embodies the legislative proposals of the Government; when it returns to its own chamber, the King's Speech is formally read again by the Speaker to the House.

But before this is done, the Clerk of the House, takes a paper from his drawer in the table, rises in his place and reads out the title of a bill—the "Outlawries Bill." I do not know how many centuries it is since there actually was an "Outlawries Bill." Certainly no such measure is ever discussed today. This bill consists of the title only, without any clauses. The title having been announced by the clerk, the paper is put back into the drawer, and nothing more is heard of the "Outlawries Bill" until the same procedure is gone through in the following year. But the House of Commons has asserted its con-

stitutional right to proceed with legislation of its choosing whether included in the King's Speech program or not!

The end of the daily sitting is usually at eleven o'clock. You will be glad to be released from listening to the long debates. The business is concluded; the Speaker says "Order, order!" and steps down from his dais. Then the doorkeeper calls out "Who goes home?" the old cry which brought the members together so that they might go through the streets in company for fear of the footpads and highwaymen who infested them. All over the building, through the lobbies and corridors, the cry is taken up and re-echoed—"Who goes home?"

The members of the House of Commons pass out into everyday life; they go through the cloakroom, unhooking from the loops their swords, which in the course of time have been strangely transformed into umbrellas.

Brothers of the Northland

[Continued from page 29]

interpreter, "to come with me, her and the children; and I'll do everything for them as though they were my own."

So she agreed. "And if I like it," she said, "I'll stay with him always." How quietly one of the great good-fortunes of my life had come!

In going to Greenland I had hoped by the good intentions of my heart to win to some extent the confidence of the people and to be accepted by them as one not too different from themselves. Yet now, despite my Greenland family and Salaminé's high social position among her own people, a barrier to the people's trust remained: it was the friendship of the trader of the little settlement. He was married to a native woman and, being an ex-sailor, might have been thought to have experienced enough of the seamy untamed side of white man's life to incline him to tacit acceptance of the brotherhood of man. It didn't. It was his will to raise his wife, to make her a European. And to observe that poor young thing—she was a woman grown, but child in mind—parading about in antiquated, misfit, pseudo-European dress, her bandy legs knee-high exposed like symbols of her warped, vainglorious, misguided little mind, gave one reason to reflect on civilization.

He was the king, her lord; a boisterous, hearty chap. He beat his wife and slapped men's backs; he roared good fellowship. Natives neither loved nor trusted him. And when, slapping my back, as it were, with one hand, he gypped my pocket with the other, I ended a relationship

that had become a trial to me and an affront to Salaminé. We quietly withdrew. And from that hour, in every need of love and friendship I turned to Greenlanders. And found it.

Often it came to me as, evenings, we'd sit about my table—silent or talking quietly or singing to the accordion and flute, that here we were, two races of remote and different origin, my background America, Europe, Rome, Greece, Egypt, centuries of culture, mine the accumulated heritage of all that past;—and the Greenland Eskimos, the human product of the polar north, of hardship, utter poverty, no arts or science but what necessity had bred, a stone-age culture handed on by act and word of mouth. Yet here we sat, not different but alike. They liked to hear about the things I knew, about America, how people lived there, what they did. It seemed a blessed land, America, where people all were rich. And then I told them.

"There is a certain automobile manufacturer," I said, "and he is a hundred times richer than the King of Denmark. He has a place where he makes automobiles to sell, and he has a hundred thousand men working for him—ten times as many as there are Greenlanders. Now one day this man's store keeper comes to him and says, 'Mr. So-so, the people aren't buying any more automobiles.' 'What?' says Mr. So-so, 'not buying automobiles? Then go and tell fifty thousand of my men that I don't want them to work for me any more.' So fifty thousand men are without work; they must find work

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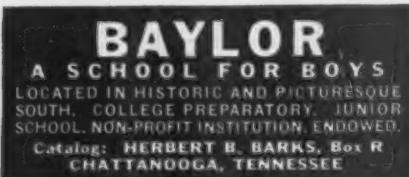
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somewhere else. But it happens that all the other places where they make automobiles are sending away men, and that there is no work for any of these men anywhere. When the men don't work they have no money. But they are hungry. They go to the store to buy food; but the store keeper says, of course, 'You can't buy food without money.' That is very bad, because there are no seals and caribou in America for people to go and shoot. There are no wild animals. Now in America the houses that people live in don't belong to them. They have to pay to live in them. And when they have no money to pay, the man that they belong to comes and says 'You must get out of my house.' And now they have no place to live because in America even the land, every bit of it, belongs to people. So there are now millions of people in America, good men who want to work. And no one will let them. How do you like that?"

THE Greenlanders are simple people. When I conclude my story they look at each other in incredulous astonishment. "Well," says one at last with a complacent laugh, "I think we'll stay in Greenland."

David, my henchman, lives next door to me. He is the best hunter in North Greenland but in worldly goods, as poor as can be. Thanks to an improvident and foolish wife it will always be so. Karen, his wife, is a clever girl, skilled both in woman's arts and man's—a rare accomplishment. But she is lazy and self-willed. And when everything is not just as Karen would like it to be, she has a little fit, kicking and screaming and moaning throughout the course of maybe one whole day and night. David, who in the opinion of everyone should give her

a good beating, is too kind for that. He accepts her kicks and abuse resignedly, smiling forlornly in greeting to any who may pass. His wife is David's cross. Yet on connubial fair weather days, they are a singularly happy couple enjoying mutually the fruits of David's skill dispensed by her improvidence. And of all human countenances that I know, David's, it seems to me, is the most luminous with contentment.

The poorest of us would find it difficult to list our possessions. David and Karen own a house (it is about ten feet square inside; the floor, walls, and ceiling are of boards; the outside is built of turf), a platform to sleep on, a feather bed, a stove, a pot, a cup, a saucer, a wooden box, clothes on their bodies and a garment or two besides, a gun, a kayak, five dogs, a sledge, three children. They're satisfied. Their house had a vestibule a year ago. Karen was lazy about gathering fuel so, board by board, they burnt it up. They may by now have burned the sledge and eaten up the dogs. No matter: they'll live on.

So, as poor as David, his ancient race has lived and multiplied. Man needs a very little more than life for happiness. Life, Liberty, and Happiness: they have, the primitives, what we are only pledged to seek.

Science today, discrediting the dogma of a "natural" freedom, has gone too far, I think, in picturing the primitive as enslaved by taboos. Taboos are in the mores of all peoples; and if we reflect about ourselves we may become aware of both how much taboos control our lives and how little they trouble us. Among the Greenlanders of today, one is impressed by the undeviating good behavior that prevails without compulsion, and by the uncon-

Greenland is actually not far off main avenues of Atlantic ocean travel.



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strained observance of such social customs as our courts could never enforce.

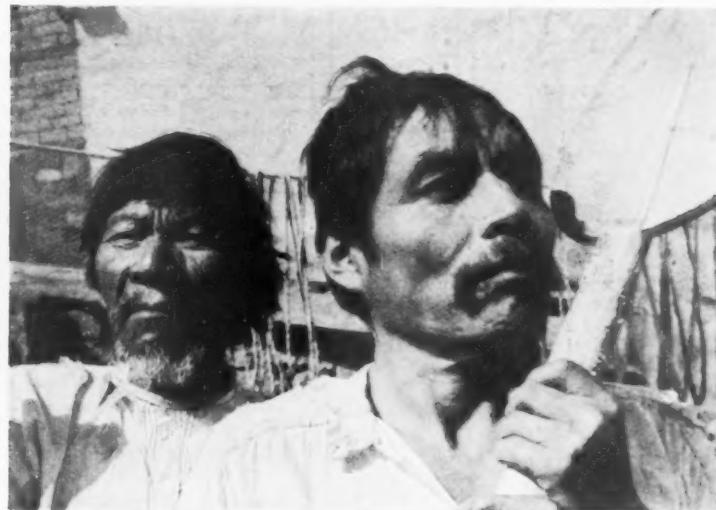
Without a thought the hunter shares his catch with everyone, or shares his home and hearth and bed with travellers or the needy. In regard to morals, we have, today, no vantage point from which to assail the immorality of Greenland youth; and if one held that unromantic naturalness in love robbed love of zest, one should remember that it also robs it of foundlings, infanticide, suicide, murder, insanity, prostitution, and divorce. Such things aren't known in Greenland. Marriage is a partnership for maintaining a home. Entered upon without great spiritual expectations, it lasts till death; often maturing into such a tenderly devoted companionship as is rare with us.

The Greenlanders appear to have no religious faith. They learned from Christians that their ancient gods were false; that satisfied them. They go to church on Sundays and sing its songs with pleasure, precision, and no fervor. They call upon God neither by prayer nor oath. They work on Sundays, start on trips on Fridays, sit thirteen at a table, light three cigarettes on one match, walk under ladders—do all these things that they ought not do. They lack a formal religion.

INE cannot reproach the Greenlander, whose living is conditioned upon risk of life, of lack of manhood; yet even such fighting as we hold to be at times a necessary vindication of our manhood, is deeply offensive to the Greenlander's nature. That would be crime. I saw but one fight between Greenlanders. The assailant had the unique distinction of being known among his own people as a bad man. I saw one fight between a native and a white man. The trader at Igdlorssuit nursed a bitter grudge against a boy of sixteen. Twice, upon trivial provocation, he laid violent hands on him. The boy's father happened to see the second assault. Enraged, he grabbed the trader by the throat. He shook him as a terrier would a rat and threw him down upon a heap of coal. That ended it. The native onlookers held the treatment to have been deserved.

That dormant principle of our own code of justice, judgment by peers, should be applied in spirit to our judgment of other races. We must identify ourselves, in thought, with them. And more than that: it is at the *internal* aspects of their culture that we must look in order to appraise it, considering only how they act conditioned by their own environment among themselves. Of all men I have ever known, I find the Greenlanders to be the happiest and most virtuous.

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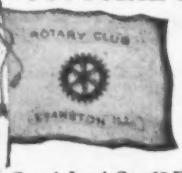
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Helps for the Program Makers

The following references have been selected to save the time of the program speaker. Specific outlines for programs suggested in Pamphlet 251 (listed here by weeks) can be obtained on request from the Secretariat of Rotary International.

* * *

FOURTH WEEK (MAY) — Vocational Playlet or Special Vocational Problem (Vocational Service)

1. BUSINESS ETHICS

From THE ROTARIAN—

Post-Depression Progress in Business Ethics.

John T. Flynn. Jan., 1935.

Our Evolving Business Ethics.

Frank G. Lankard. Dec., 1934.

Can We Reduce Drudgery?

M. B. Gerbel. Apr., 1935.

Re-forming Business Lines.

E. A. Filene. Dec., 1933.

Other Magazines—

Success at Last.

H. Stephen. Scribner's, Dec., 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—

580—Why Not More Business?

Program designed to elicit possible reasons for a decrease in volume of business done by local merchants near larger shopping centers. Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago.

See playlets also.

2. EMPLOYER-EMPLOYEE RELATIONS

From THE ROTARIAN—

Collective Bargaining—a debate.

Tom M. Girdler, and William P. Connery, Jr., July, 1934.

Getting Labor's Point of View.

Whiting Williams. Sept., 1934.

Thirty Hour Week—a debate.

William Green and Robert Lund. Mar., 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—

560—New Developments in Employer-Employee Relations.

Outline for a program. 559—Changed Employer-Employee Relations. Outline for an address.

556—Cooperation Between Employer and Employee.

An address. 574—Case Programs on Vocational Service Topics.

A collection of casuistry questions with plan for discussion program. Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago.

3. PLAYLETS—Typical of those available from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago.

Behind the Scenes in Rotary.

Portrays a meeting of the vocational service committee and typical problems confronting it. Characters: 15—Time: 40 minutes.

Buying and Selling.

Brings out such unethical practices as unearned discounts, special concessions, price cutting, etc. Characters: 2—Time: 15 minutes.

Frank Marsh—Business Samaritan.

Shows how it is possible for competitors to help one another for profit of all. Characters: 9—Time: 25 minutes.

The Stranger.

A study in employer-employee relationships during times of depression. Characters: 6—Time: 30 minutes.

Is the Customer Ever Wrong?

Written for grocery setting, but can be rearranged for other businesses. Characters: 16—Time: 40 minutes.

Business Ethics.

Showing the fallacy of many unethical practices. Characters: 4—Time: 20 minutes.

FIRST WEEK (JUNE)—Community Facilities for Constructive Use of Leisure Time (Community Service)

1. ADULT EDUCATION

From THE ROTARIAN—

A City Without a Bogey.

Wayne Gard. This issue, page 30.

A University of, by, and for the People.

Trygve Narvesen. Apr., 1935.

Other Magazines—

Highschool Pioneering in Adult Education: DeWitt Clinton Highschool.

National Education Association Journal. Feb., 1935.

Democracy Goes to School—Des Moines Civic Forum.

H. Kelley. American Magazine. Mar., 1935.

Books—

The American Way—Democracy at Work in the Des Moines Forums.

John Studebaker. McGraw Hill, N. Y., \$2.00.

2. MUSIC

From THE ROTARIAN—

Boys' Bands—Give the Boy a Horn!

Earl Chapin May. Dec., 1934.

Other Magazines—

Our Family Orchestra.

Katharine Drinker Bowen. Atlantic, Dec., 1934. See also Jan., Feb., Mar., 1935, issues of the Atlantic.

3. PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS

From THE ROTARIAN—

"Green Spaces" in German Cities.

Edward J. Meeman. Nov., 1934.

Give Your Town a Personality!

Earnest Elmo Calkins. Mar., 1935.

4. COMMUNITY CENTERS

Other Magazines—

Hobbies of Parents: how a group of Parents used their children's school in the evening for purposes of recreation.

Parent's Magazine, Apr. 30, 1930.

Developing the Community Center Program.

J. W. Feldman. Recreation, Oct., 1934.

5. LIBRARIES

From THE ROTARIAN—

How Sarnia Does It.

Oct., 1934.

A Library? "It's Easy," says Utica.

Clyde B. Davis. July, 1934.

New Life for Old Books.

July, 1934.

Rubber-Tired Libraries.

Glenn H. Holloway. Oct., 1934.

Other Magazines—

The Public Library in the Program of Leisure Time.

Recreation, Feb., 1935. (Reprints available from Rotary International.)

6. SPORTS

From THE ROTARIAN—

Lawn Bowling—Rival of Golf.

Oct., 1933.

No Miracle at Three Lakes.

Bob Becker. May, 1934.

7. GARDENING

From THE ROTARIAN—

From Golf to Garden.

William Henry Spence. Apr., 1934.

Nature Study—Have You Met Mr. Toadflax?

Robert Sparks Walker. June, 1934.

8. GENERAL

From THE ROTARIAN—

New Leisure to Learn.

L. V. Jacks. May, 1934.

What Is the Promise of Modern Life?

Farnsworth Crowder. Aug., 1934.

Poetry and the Common Man. Louis Untermeyer. Apr., 1935.

Give Your Hobby Its Head! Ray Giles. Feb., 1935.

Recreation for Regina's Idle. Robert Cook. Mar., 1934.

BOOKS

Hobbies for Everybody. Ruth Lampland. Harper Brothers, N. Y., \$3.00.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS

The Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses.

Earnest Elmo Calkins. Leisure League of America, 30 Rockefeller Place, N. Y. 25 cents.

641A—Planning and Conducting a Boys' Hobby Fair; 641B—Monthly Hobby Contest of the Rotary Club of Webster City, Rotary International, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago.

SECOND WEEK (JUNE)—Good Neighbors (International Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Travelling with Your Head. Hendrik Willem Van Loon. This issue, page 8.

Brothers of the Northland. Rockwell Kent. This issue, page 27.

Play Bridges National Frontiers. Frank Chapin Bray. July, 1934.

Let's Mobilize Friendship. John Nelson. Feb., 1935.

"Time is no Snail." Harry Kurz. Mar., 1935.

Hail, Hail the Tourist! Stewart Edward White, July, 1934.

BOOKS

Making New Friends. Lillian Dow Davidson. The Rotarian, \$3.75.

Other Suggestions for Club Programs

THE FUTURE OF FARMING (Rural-urban)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Good Farming Still Pays? Cornelius Claassen. This issue, page 24.

Give the Farmer a Chance. Harry J. Boyts. July, 1933.

Will Big Scale Farming Last? Arthur Capper. Oct., 1933.

Other Magazines—

Can the Farmer be Saved? L. Bryson. *Survey*, Aug., 1934.

Protest from the Humble Women of Rabbit Ridge. A. C. Moyer-Wing. *Forum*, Feb., 1935.

Simple Epicure: Southern Michigan 50 Years Ago. D. T. Lutes. *Atlantic*, Mar., 1935.

BOOKS

Making Farms Pay. Cornelius Claassen. Macmillan, N. Y., \$2.00.

PAMPHLETS

Financing Agriculture in 1934. Farm Credit Administration, Washington, D. C. Gratis.

ON TO MEXICO (Convention—1935)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Rotary Fiesta. Julio Zetina. This issue, page 32.

So You and Ted Are Going Too! Violet Coulter. This issue, page 35.

One Week Isn't Enough. Ernesto Aguilar. April, 1935.

Mexico—Every Man an Artist. René d'Harnoncourt. April, 1935.

Civilization Without a Wheel. George W. Gray. Feb., 1935.

Land of the Plumed Serpent. James Sawders. Mar., 1935.

BOOKS

Mexican Maze. Carleton Beals. Lippincott, N. Y., \$1.00.

Pan-American Dictionary and Travel Guide (English and Spanish). Lewis Sell. International Dictionary Co., N. Y., \$2.50.

Time Out for Adventure. L. W. Ramsey. Doubleday Doran and Co., N. Y., \$2.75.

Terry's Guide to Mexico. T. Philip Terry. Hingham, Mass., \$3.50.

Fiesta in Mexico. Erna Ferguson. Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y., \$3.00.

Beautiful Mexico. Vernon Quinn. Frederick A. Stokes & Co., N. Y. \$4.00.

Viva Mexico! Charles Macomb Flandreau. D. Appleton-Century Co., N. Y. \$1.00.

TAXES AND GOVERNMENT BUDGETS (Community Service)

I. TAXATION TRENDS

From THE ROTARIAN—

Taxes: Now We Pay the Fiddler. Mark Graves. This issue, page 13.

Is the Sales Tax Sound Policy?—a debate.

John Oliver Emmerich and A. H. Stone. June 12, 1933.

Other Magazines—

Borrow—Don't Tax. Herbert D. Simpson. *Survey Graphic*, Sept., 1934.

The Family Pays the Bill. M. R. Rinehart. *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mar., 1935.

When in Doubt Tax Twice. E. Lefevre. *Saturday Evening Post*, Feb. 23, 1935.

Crises in the Property Tax; Is the British System the Answer? E. S. Griffith. *American City*, Feb., 1934.

How Taxes in Two Canadian Cities Help the Small Home Owner. *American City*, Mar., 1935.

What Do We Want from Taxes—program for making taxation serve toward a better life. H. S. Buttenheim. *Survey Graphic*, Aug., 1934.

2. RECOVERY BY SPENDING

From THE ROTARIAN—

Is Government Spending the Way to Recovery?—a debate. Stuart Chase and David Lawrence. This issue, pages 18-19.

Paying for the New Deal. Fred H. Clausen. Apr., 1934.

Other Magazines—

A Common Sense Confession. Will Payne. Mar. 30, 1935.

The Federal Budget and the Credit of the Government. *Girard Letter*, Mar. 19, 1935, Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

What Is Public Business? Stuart Chase. *Current History*, Apr., 1935.

Our Unreal Budget. R. G. Swing. *Nation*, Jan. 16, 1935.

Your United States. G. Stolper. *Survey Graphic*, Mar., 1935.

Business and Government—Toward a Common Ground. A. A. Berle. *Scribner's Magazine*, Nov., 1934.

In This Year of Recovery: balanced 1936 budget, mass confidence, and prosperity. C. G. Dawes. *Review of Reviews*, Aug., 1934.

Recovery by Balanced Budget. L. W. Douglas. *Review of Reviews*, Jan., 1935.

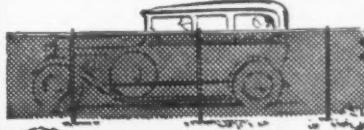


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Chats on Contributors

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, *Travelling With Your Head*, is widely known as war correspondent, lecturer, professor of history, and the author of many articles and books including *The Story of Mankind*, *The Story of the Bible*, and *Van Loon's Geography*. *Ships*, his latest book, is also a history, this time of navigation. Like his fellow artist, Rockwell Kent, he illustrates many of his works . . . Not only are **Rockwell Kent's**, *Brothers of the Northland*, pictures sought by well-known connoisseurs but many of them hang in the leading art galleries in the United States. *Voyaging*, *N by E* (a Literary Guild selection), and *Rockwellkentiana*, speak for his ability as author and artist. Though his home is in Ausable Forks, New York, the call of the North has proved so strong that he and his 13-year-old son, Gordon, have settled for a time in the village of Umanak, Greenland.

* * *

Stuart Chase, author, accountant, and economist, who urges government spending to hasten recovery, came in contact with big business when under the Federal Trade Commission he conducted an investigation of the meat industry and packers (1917-1922). Since that time he has been associated with the Labor Bureau . . . **David Lawrence**, president of *The United States News* in Washington, D. C., for many years has been in close touch with White House activities. Both Messrs. Chase and Lawrence are previous ROTARIAN contributors.

* * *

Mark Graves, Taxes: Now We Pay the Fiddler, New York State tax commissioner, has few equals in unravelling muddled tax problems. His advice has been sought in overhauling many state tax systems. He is active in the Albany Rotary Club of which he is a past president, and in the Fort Orange Boy Scout movement, now serving on its executive council. . . . It's an open ROTARIAN-family secret that Ann, *So You and Ted Are Going Too!* is **Violet Coulter**, of San Antonio, Texas. She is a former newspaperwoman, and her husband, "Bob," an advertising man, was a member of the San Antonio (Texas) Rotary Club until a break in health occurred. They capitalized on it by making it an excuse to see Europe—which ROTARIAN readers will read more anon. . . . The multi-varied career of Author **Walter B. Pitkin**, *New Fields for Teachers*, has been brought to the attention of followers of the "Chats" columns several times in recent months. As most people know, he is the author of *Life Begins at Forty*. He has been a professor of journalism at Columbia University since 1912. One of his several hobbies is helping young men to find careers for themselves.



Photo: Acme
Artist-Author-Explorer Kent, and 13-year-old son Gordon, now in the North.

Viljem Krejci, *The Trail Across 'The Dog'*, received his *juris doctor* degree from the University of Vienna and since has practiced law in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. For more than twenty years he has been secretary of the Children's Protective League in his country. A charter member of the Rotary Club of Ljubljana, he has served it as president (1932-1933), and is

now governor of the 77th District. . . . **Sir Herbert Samuel** (left), *The Pageantry of Parliament*, has been a member of British Parliament almost continuously since 1902. Other distinguished posts he has held include that of Secretary of State for Home Affairs, and since 1931, the presidency of the British Institute of

Cornelius J. Claassen, *Good Farming Still Pays*, is president of the Farmer's National Company in Omaha, Nebraska, which now manages over 700 farms on a tenant basis—and makes a profit. He is the author of *Making Farms Pay* and other books and articles on similar subjects.

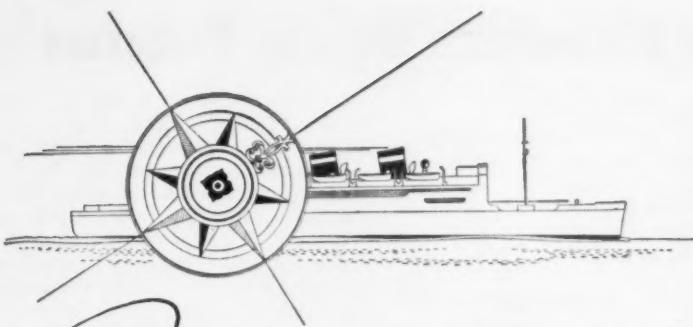
* * *

Hart I. Seely, *Let's Look Forward*, Waverly, New York, newspaperman, has for many years been a member of the National Boys' Week Committee and a director of the New York State Society for Crippled Children. Now, as chairman of the Rotary Foundation Promotion Committee for 1934-1935, he brings to an important work a rich Rotary experience, having served Rotary International as governor of the 24th District, second vice-president, and member of several committees. . . . **Julio Zetina**, *Rotary Fiesta*, is a man whose pleasure it will be to welcome those who attend the 1935 Rotary convention in Mexico City where he is a newspaper publisher and president of the Rotary club. . . . **Wayne Gard**, *A City Without a Bogey*, acquired the information for his article while on the *Des Moines (Iowa) Register and Tribune*, but is now a member of the editorial staff of the *Dallas News* in Texas.

Left to right: Contributors Chase, Lawrence, Krejci, Zetina, and Graves.

Photo: Acme





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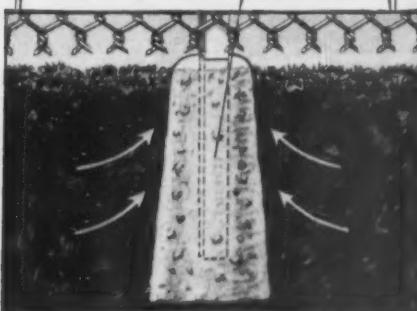
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The Flin Flon Rotary Club—"North of 54"—is the farthest north club in Canada. Flin Flon is a mining town of over 5,000 population. The huge Hudson's Bay Mining & Smelting plant is located on the outskirts of the town.

T. TORGESEN, *Rotarian*
President, Prairie Nurseries Ltd.
Past Director, Rotary International
Estevan, Sask., Canada

Praise for Pollock

Having read in the April issue of the *Reader's Digest* the extract from Channing Pollock's article *It's Smart to Be Dirty* published in your magazine December, 1934, I am writing to you and through you to Mr. Pollock the grateful appreciation of a number of us for his discerning, lofty and courageous characterizing of that phase of modern literature.

We wish that the unabridged article could be widely circulated in high schools, colleges and women's clubs. Nothing we have read paints so well the modern mind of the would-be "intelligentsia."

(MRS.) K. A. BISCHOFF
Tulsa, Okla.

Pitkin Idea at Work

Since reading Walter B. Pitkin's article, *Chance of a Lifetime* in the April ROTARIAN, I have given considerable thought to this most vital subject. This matter has been the source of much discussion in the Albany Rotary Club and many of us have given a great deal of thought as to what could possibly be done to be of some real assistance to our young people who are about to finish school and are seeking careers.

You may be interested in a very successful effort, which the Boys Work Committee of the Albany Rotary Club has been doing this year in cooperation with the public school officials. We have provided a series of business career talks at one of the high schools.

These meetings are attended by about 150 boys and girls of the ninth and tenth grades, who have expressed a definite interest in such a series of talks. Sessions are held each Tuesday and Thursday of every week in the High School auditorium and last for about one hour. The talks are given by various Rotarians, whose classifications contain much of interest to the youngsters. After

the address, an open forum is held and these boys and girls ask questions regarding the particular business being discussed.

We try to cover many of the points, which Mr. Pitkin has brought out in his article, that is, the opportunities in the particular field under discussion, whether or not there is a surplus or shortage in this particular field, the duties required, the education necessary, the special training needed for the work and where this training can be obtained, the health and safety hazards, if any, and the social factor such as what contribution this field of endeavor makes to society.

We have already covered such fields as insurance, railroad, printing, dentistry, auto-service stations, lumber, steel manufacturing, cement manufacturing, advertising, farming, and many other manufacturing and retail businesses.

I feel that our Boys Work Committee has really accomplished something in conducting these meetings and the interest shown by the young people has been most encouraging.

ERNEST V. HOIT
President, Rotary Club
Albany, N. Y.

New Zealand Comment On Unemployment Insurance

It was with much interest I read the debate in the February ROTARIAN: "What of Social Insurance?" Unemployment insurance is a subject I have given much thought and consideration.

Dealing with Frances Perkins' "Yes," I agree with her that some form of insurance is an absolute necessity. If the Capitalistic system fails to produce a workable scheme to protect the wage-earner, whether he be a city employee or working farmer, in factory, shop or office, then our present system is doomed and deserves the fate that is undoubtedly coming to it.

The youth of today is not going on producing, educating himself, fitting himself to appreciate better things, a higher standard of life, only to find himself one of the unemployed, the goods he has produced destroyed or their use restricted because one particular section of the community has failed to realize the position and provide the free circulation of the medium of exchange.

I will attempt no constructive suggestions in connection with F. Perkins' article because I am in accord with her, and my answer to Virgil Jordan's "No," is a constructive criticism which at the same time shows where I differ with F. Perkins.

Mr. Jordan starts off very badly. In the first place, any scheme of [Continued on page 56]